

# The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



'Flower Stall', by Diego Rivera: from the exhibition of Mexican art at the Tate Gallery

In this number:

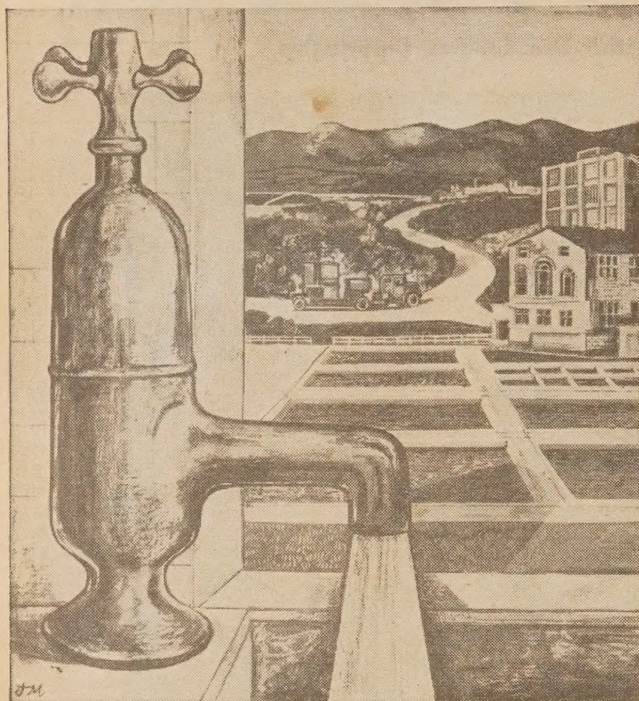
The Anglo-American Conversations (Joseph Harsch)

On Jungle Patrol in Malaya (René Cutforth)

The Flood: Myth or Legend? (Sir Leonard Woolley)



## SERVICE ON TAP



**A** WATERWORKS in the West Country wished to increase the output of its filtration plant, and asked I.C.I.'s 'Alfloc' Water Treatment Service for assistance. Tests carried out at the works by an 'Alfloc' technical service man showed that the way to solve the problem was to make the solid impurities in the water settle out more quickly, and the use of modified sodium silicate — a chemical that produces this effect — was recommended. Modified sodium silicate is unstable and must be used soon after preparation. A simple plant is therefore needed on the spot to prepare it and to "dose" the water correctly. I.C.I. maintains such a plant — a 10-ton mobile unit — to assist the water engineer in carrying out full-scale trials. This plant is available on loan, free of charge, to water undertakings anywhere in Great Britain.

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# The Listener

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## CONTENTS

### THE WORLD TODAY:

The Anglo-American Conversations (Joseph Harsch) ...	411
The Death of Mr. Stalin (Thomas Barman and Arthur Birse) ...	413
On Jungle Patrol in Malaya (René Cutforth) ...	415
Harnessing the Waters of the Indus (Richard Williams) ...	417

### POEMS:

Lost Existences (Norman Newton) ...	416
The Lady with the Heron (W. S. Merwin) ...	429

### THE LISTENER:

Man and the Elements ...	418
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	418

### DID YOU HEAR THAT?

Anglo-Saxon Churches in Northamptonshire (L. G. H. Lee) ...	419
Any Old Rags? (Harry Hopkins) ...	419
Happy, Busy Beavers (Dr. Harry H. Lillie) ...	420
Water under the Inn (Don Mosey) ...	420

### BIOGRAPHY:

Dr. Chaim Weizmann: First President of Israel (Christopher Sykes) ...	421
---	-----

### ARCHITECTURE:

Modern American Factories (William Allen) ...	422
---	-----

### EDUCATION:

What is a 'Democratic Education'?—III (Eric James) ...	425
--	-----

### MYTH OR LEGEND?—IV:

The Flood (Sir Leonard Woolley) ...	426
-------------------------------------	-----

### RELIGION:

The Churches and Racial Tension (The Bishop of Chichester) ...	428
--	-----

### NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...

430

### PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST (Rt. Hon. Oliver Lyttelton, M.P.) ...

432

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Professor Guido Calogero, W. A. Barker, Lord Brabazon of Tara, George Engle, Maurice Atherton-Lafrance, John Holloway, L. J. Cadbury, and P. J. Thrower ...	433
--	-----

### ART:

Round the London Galleries (Gerard J. R. Frankl) ...	436
--	-----

### LITERATURE:

Why Modern Poetry is Obscure (Erich Heller) ...	437
The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	441

### CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television (Philip Hope-Wallace) ...	446
Broadcast Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	447
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	447
Broadcast Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	447

### MUSIC:

Vivaldi's 'L'Estro Armonico' ...	449
----------------------------------	-----

### BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...

451

### NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...

451

### CROSSWORD NO. 1,193 ...

451

## The Anglo-American Conversations

By JOSEPH HARSCH

THE visit of the British delegation to this city of Washington over the past week turned out to be a happier and a more productive event than some of its pre-viewers had anticipated. This was due, partly, to the fortuitous circumstance that the timing of the visit permitted immediate and direct discussion between leaders of our two Governments about the important news from Moscow. It was also due to the fact that the news from Moscow seemed to impose a necessity for decision upon the Eisenhower Government. This put into welcome contrast the consideration of the British delegation in not demanding, or even requesting, major decisions upon major matters of policy from a Government which, for reasons I will discuss later, is anxious at this time to defer major decisions until a later date.

Your delegation, headed by Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler, came here mostly to establish personal acquaintance with the new leaders of Government in Washington, and to suggest lines of thought and research which might at some future time lead to decisions. This was not only tactful, it also expressed a perceptive grasp of the real situation here in Washington. It was appreciated and it produced more positive results from the Eden-Butler visit than could have been anticipated.

I am sure that if more had been asked less would have been obtained. As it is, Mr. Eden will go home possessing a firm state-

ment of the official association of the American Government with the British position on the problem of Persian oil, and also a re-affirmation of the promise to consult on the use of British air bases. And Mr. Eden left behind him two items of considerable value to President Eisenhower. The first of these was the British decision to refuse port facilities to ships carrying strategic cargoes for Communist China. Those in Washington familiar with the China trade appreciate that in direct terms this British action is likely to make little real difference in the China trade. The reduction in tonnage of goods to China cannot be enough to shorten the Korean war, but the mere act, no matter how limited in its direct results, should be of substantial help to the Eisenhower Administration when the time comes for it to seek the approval of the Congress and of public opinion for measures of substantial importance to your country.

There is an unusual American folk-lore about China trade. There is a deep, pervasive, emotional suspicion that continuation of the Korean war is partly due to quantities of British war supplies entering China through Hong Kong. This is a case where facts do not count. The facts have been published many times, and they have made no appreciable dent upon the folk-lore. There are irrational emotions and assumptions among all peoples; the Americans have this one, and it rises to plague the Government in



Washington every time it proposes to do anything which might be of some value to Britain. This particular emotion is bound to rise again when the Eisenhower Government is ready to propose reductions in American import barriers, and if and when the same Government decides to seek approval from the Congress for measures to support the pound sterling in a more convertible currency world. Thus, while it may seem to some of you that Mr. Eden made more of a gesture than a real concession on China trade, it was an act of practical importance within the context of present American political life.

### Helpful Explanations

Then, also, Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler were able to explain helpfully many things going on in your country today. This, too, was a useful service to the new Administration here in Washington. It armed the Eisenhower specialists with information which will, in due time, help them to manage another area of American folk-lore superstition: the superstition that Britain is squandering her own substance in riotous socialist living. The visit would have been worth while had it produced nothing more than the explanation by the visitors to the top men here of the thinking in London today on economic matters. And it did, in fact, produce more than that. There was also the move to clear the American atmosphere of misunderstanding about China trade, and the American commitments on Persian oil and on the British air bases. Whether even more comes of the trip remains to the future. The ideas about trade and on convertibility of currency, which have been left behind here, will have to germinate. In due time the Eisenhower Government will come to its own conclusions on these matters. Then it will have to go to the Congress for terrace legislation, and supporting funds. That will, of course, be the time of testing. But that time is well in the future.

There is, to my mind, an interesting reason why it is well in the future. I said at the beginning of this talk that the British visitors were more considerate than were events in the Kremlin. Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler did not seek policy decisions on the most important matters. They came only to exchange ideas and to lay the groundwork for future discussions. The events in Moscow, on the other hand, did seem to demand re-evaluations of policy. When a man, long as powerful as Joseph Stalin, loses the reins of power, then governments must attempt to assess the meaning of the event, and to recast their policies accordingly.

Immediate decisions must, sometimes, be taken. The first thing that happened here in Washington after the news of Stalin's illness arrived was a consideration of the type of statement which President Eisenhower would issue. The top policy-makers of the Government were summoned to the White House, and they talked for several hours about the matter. They ended up drafting a statement which emphasised the brotherhood of man under one deity. They did this in a hopeful, if curious, belief that it would have great appeal to the Russian people. Some of them thought that it might have immediate and important political repercussions in Russia. As you know, and as the drafters also know now, the message had no perceptible influence upon the Russian people. It was intended here as a stroke in what is called 'psychological strategy', and as such it must be put down as a dud. If the hand could be played over again it would be played differently the next time.

### 'Operational Duds'

This was not the first operational dud of the new Administration. The orders to the 7th Fleet ostensibly releasing Chiang Kai-shek for attacks on the Chinese mainland was another one. It was so grossly over-interpreted by the press, in the Congress, and in Allied countries, that it had to be explained at once for precisely what it was: as belonging not to a policy of more war with Communist China but to a long-range policy of attempting disengagement from war with Communist China. Another dud was the proposed resolution by Congress on alleged secret war-time agreements. This was intended by the Administration, particularly the State Department, to hearten enslaved peoples behind the Iron Curtain. But it was launched by Mr. Dulles without sufficient regard for domestic American political conditions. It was completely at odds, in the form in which it was sent to the Congress, with the campaign posture of the Republican Party. As a result, the Republicans in the Congress refused to support it, and so it has had to be dropped.

These, and other moves like them, must be put down as fumbles by the Administration in the process of learning how to govern the United

States. But merely to say that they are fumbles puts them, I think, in a false context. This is not the Cambridge University rowing against Oxford on the Thames; this is any university boat on its first practice run. The last thing the coaches are interested in on this run is speed, and they do not even care too much if the stroke oar catches a crab. They do, however, care very much about team work, about the technique of getting the men in the boat to work and to pull together. That is why I say that there is appreciation for the consideration of Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler in not asking for major policy decisions at this time.

President Eisenhower, and the men around him, are not rushing into the task of trying to govern the United States. They differ in this respect from some new Administrations in American history. I have had the helpful experience of hearing several members of this new Government discuss their problems and their purposes under informal circumstances. The one thing that has impressed me most in these discussions has been the forthrightness and the candour of their recognition that these new men in Washington have much to learn before they should start governing. As far as possible they are avoiding action, and concentrating instead on the process of learning their job, their problems, and their staffs. They are not men who came to Washington thinking that they knew all of the answers. There is wise humility among them, and a practical desire to let as many big questions lie fallow for as long as possible. When a decision must be made they do their best, but they do it knowing that six months, or even a month, from now they might decide the issue differently.

### Efforts to Conciliate the Congress

Although President Eisenhower has a serious purpose it somehow has not yet succeeded in getting into the public mood, although there is no secret about it. He believes most earnestly that it is not necessary for the Government of the United States to be conducted by conflict between the White House and the Congress. He is seriously trying to lay the foundations for a new relationship between the Legislative and the Executive branches of the American Government. This is really his first preoccupation at this time. To him his Government will not be operational until he does work out an easier relationship with the Congress. That is his first, his priority, task in his own mind. He is concentrating to the utmost on building this new relationship with the Congress. To that end he is, for the present, avoiding issues with the Congress. He is avoiding sending up new legislation, he is avoiding crossing swords with Senator McCarthy. He is deferring every problem of high policy which can be deferred.

Some observers have called this appeasement of the Congress, but General Eisenhower did not consider he was appeasing Germans by holding the invasion of Normandy until men, time, and tide were as ready as they could be. Today, President Eisenhower is not appeasing anyone. He is, according to his own lights, concentrating upon what he regards as his first task: the task of getting his Government in condition to deal effectively with problems. He and his top associates do not feel that they are yet in such a condition.

To most of them the problems are new. They admit frankly that what they discovered when in office sometimes bears only the faintest and the coincidental relationship to the campaign assertions of their favourite politicians. They take the commendable position that they must base their decisions on the facts, not upon the campaign assertions. They are learning the facts as fast as they can. They are, therefore, doing their best to defer the decisions until the learning process is complete. They are also spending much time on the mechanical problem of acquiring physical control of the Departments of Government. Under these circumstances it is, I submit, a mistake to judge the Eisenhower Government by its present operations. It was also wise of Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler to avoid, as far as possible, asking for operations. The wise thing for them to do was precisely what was done: conveying as much helpful information as possible, exchanging as many useful views as possible, building as many personal acquaintances as possible, and deferring deferable decisions to the day when the new President and his principal advisers here begin to feel that they do understand the problems, and are ready to face the Congress and the public with the decisions which they will then have made.

—Home Service

To mark the thirtieth anniversary of broadcasting in Scotland the B.B.C. has published a picture book *The First Thirty 1923-1953* (1s. 6d.) with a foreword by Lord Reith.



# The Death of Mr. Stalin

End of a long act in Russian history

I—By THOMAS BARMAN\*

**W**ITH the death of Mr. Stalin, a long and exciting act in the drama of Russian history has come to an end. All that has happened in Russia in the past generation is stamped with his personality: the purges and treason trials, while he climbed his way to power over the bodies of all who stood in his way; the final liquidation of the middle classes; the policy of Soviet co-operation with the west through the League of Nations; the pact with Germany that preceded the second world war; the expansion of Soviet Russia almost up to the frontiers of the Tsars; the new aggressive nationalism of the Russians—all these were the fruits of his policy. So were the various five-year plans, and the vast industrialisation that made possible the victory over Germany—the first great war the Russians have won since 1812. His impact on Russian history was as terrific as that of Peter the Great.

Stalin was born near Tiflis in Georgia on December 21, 1879. His father was a shoemaker, and as a child he was brought up in great poverty. His parents wanted him to become a priest and for three years he was at a theological school in Tiflis. But he was expelled for his political activities. His family name was Djughashvili, but in 1902 he changed it to Stalin—which means the man of steel. He soon found himself among revolutionary friends, and equally soon in the hands of the police. He was exiled to Siberia again and again, and escaped with almost the same regularity.

Stalin's first meeting with Lenin—the father of the October Revolution—took place in the early days of this century. His first meeting with Trotsky was in 1907, at a conference in London. Even at that early date, Trotsky had the greatest contempt for him, and described him as a 'dirty Asiatic'. But Stalin had the happiest recollection of that early—and only—visit to London. When he met Mr. Winston Churchill at the British Embassy in Teheran in 1943, he drew attention to a picture of George V on the wall. 'He looks exactly like our Tsar', said Stalin. 'He was a good man. He allowed me to come to London. The Tsar would not have done that'. Stalin apparently did not know that Edward VII was King when he visited London, and not George V.

In 1912, Stalin founded the newspaper *Pravda*, which became the official organ of the Communist Party. It was an important step on his way to power since it gave him control of the party press and its policy. When the revolution broke out in Leningrad in March 1917 Stalin was there, and within a few weeks he was invited to join the inner circle of party leaders who, six months later, imposed themselves upon the country. Stalin's power grew steadily in the five years of civil war that followed; and in 1922 he was made Secretary-General of the Communist Party—the post which led him to the supreme heights of power. In the ten years after Lenin's death Stalin destroyed his rivals, imposed the collective farm system, and carried through his ambitious schemes for Russia's industrialisation.

The rise of Hitler in Germany forced Stalin out of his policy of isolation. His representatives played an active part at the League of Nations. An alliance with France was signed in May 1935, and gradually Russian policy appeared to be moving towards closer association with the Western Powers in resistance to the German threat. He reacted sharply to the Munich Agreement in 1938. Mr. Molotov was appointed Foreign Secretary. The League of Nations policy was abandoned. The missions from the United Kingdom and France which visited Moscow in the summer of 1939, in the hope of coming to an understanding over Germany, were left high and dry. Stalin swallowed all his former abuse of the Nazi gangsters and signed a non-aggression pact with the German Foreign Minister. The stage was now set for the second world war. A month later Poland was being partitioned between the Russians and the Germans. And the western resistance to Nazi aggression was denounced by Stalin and his Communist supporters throughout the world, as a war of imperialism. This so-called war of imperialism became a sacred war of liberation as soon as the Nazis attacked Russia, in the summer of 1941.

The Russian victory in 1945 owed much to Stalin's firmness. He never lost his nerve. In the early days, when the news was darkest, he was often at the front. 'I am teaching', he once said to Mr. Churchill, 'I am teaching my generals how to fight'. The strain on him was intolerable, and in 1943 he was told by his doctors that flying put too great a strain upon his heart. After that he directed the war by telephone from his study in the Kremlin.

All the hopes of reconstructing the post-war world on the basis of Russian co-operation with the western world soon faded. Gradually it became clear that Stalin and the men associated with him in the government of Russia and in the direction of the Communist Party, far from showing willingness to meet the western world halfway, had reverted to the old policy of hostility. At home, the many deviations from party orthodoxy that developed during the war were ruthlessly uprooted. At the end of 1952 a new and far-reaching purge seemed to be under way. Abroad, Stalin and his associates saw nothing but threats to the Marxist way of life. The post-war period, therefore, is punctuated by a series of conflicts between Russia and the west—and for these Stalin must bear the greater responsibility. The cold war was of his making, and he used the cold war as an argument for placing even greater burdens upon the already over-burdened Russian people.—*General Overseas Service*

II—By ARTHUR BIRSE

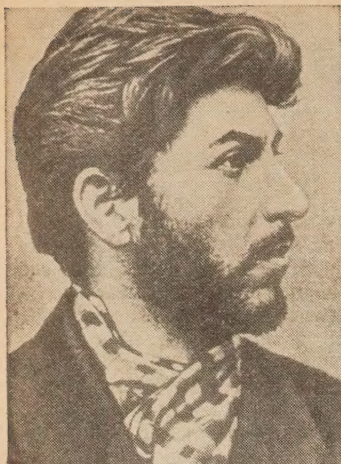
THE FIRST TIME I met Stalin was when I acted as Mr. Churchill's interpreter at his talks in Moscow in August 1942. Mr. Churchill refers to them in his memoirs. I found Stalin somewhat difficult to understand because when he spoke Russian he did so with a strong Georgian accent—as you know, he came originally from Georgia in



Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin: 1879-1953

\* B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent





The young revolutionary: Joseph Stalin in 1904, at the age of twenty-five. Right: Stalin (on the extreme right of group) with Trotsky (fourth from right, in light uniform) at the time of the October Revolution



would light up, his eyes would darken, and short, sharp questions would follow like volleys from a machine gun. He was always very sure of himself and seemed to be convinced that he was invariably right and the other side was invariably wrong. His habit of stating his own case in the form of questions, which he then himself proceeded to answer, was one he adopted in all his speeches and private talks.

After the interview, which took place in his study at the Kremlin, we adjourned to his private apartments on another floor of the same building. He occupied a large room, which served as sitting and dining room combined, and which was furnished in the usual austere Soviet fashion—hard, uncomfortable chairs, a large table in the middle, and portraits of himself, Lenin and Marx. I also saw his bedroom—a medium-sized room containing a very un-luxurious looking bed, a writing table and a few chairs. The walls were lined with bookshelves. There seemed to be books everywhere—on the table, on the chairs, and on the floor. So far as I could see a great part of them were historical, economic, and Marxian; but I noticed also the works of nineteenth-century Russian authors.

During supper, Stalin became genial and talkative. At one point, much to my embarrassment—for an interpreter is only a talking machine for his principal—he turned to me to ask where I had learned Russian, to inquire about the school in St. Petersburg where I had been educated and what I had done during the war. He appeared to have a habit when clinking glasses—an old Russian custom—of first touching an even number of glasses before touching that of his guest; perhaps he thought an odd number would be unlucky.

I met Stalin again on many occasions afterwards, at the conferences of the Big Three and at many private talks. After a time he grew accustomed to my presence and even went so far as to crack jokes at my expense, though he was always considerate where the foreign interpreters were concerned, drinking our health at the end of each banquet or private dinner. With his own interpreters he was not always equally considerate. At times they were sharply rapped over the knuckles for inaccurate or slow translations. At official dinners I always sat on his left. He would then ask me in almost a whisper to tell him when it would be proper for him to begin to eat, and what knife and fork to use. At our Embassy in Teheran he asked whether I thought he might drink the health of the waiter, which he then proceeded to do. At a dinner in Potsdam he turned to me and—pointing at General Marshall

southern Russia—and in addition his voice always seemed to be rather muffled. He hardly ever looked directly at us. He used to keep his eyes fixed on the papers in front of him on which he invariably doodled. I had rarely met anyone as alert as he was. Whenever he thought he saw an opening in the argument or any weakness in our case—though such occasions were few and far between—he pounced. His face

—said that he was an exceptional Chief of Staff. 'Of course, you British also have good generals', he said, 'and so have we: but your generals and the Americans are more cultured than ours. Ours still have much to learn'.

While at all public functions Stalin was genial and friendly, I once witnessed a show of temper during the preparations for a cocktail party in honour of Mr. Churchill in Moscow. Stalin was personally supervising the arrangements in the Soviet Government hospitality house. Everything had been provided except cigarettes, and when he noticed they were missing he expressed his opinion in no uncertain terms. I was amused to see how his bodyguard—they were generals and colonels of the secret police—ran around in great alarm searching for a suitable supply.

One of the most pleasant interviews at which I was present was

between Stalin and Lord Tedder. Stalin remarked that he liked Lord Tedder's forthright, soldierly manner of talking. Stalin also always withdrew into his cold shell when anyone tried to flatter him or seemed not to be speaking frankly. At all times his suspicion was evident; but frankness, however brutal, seemed to find an echo in him. Of all the Soviet leaders, he was the only one to allow himself an expression of gratitude for Allied material aid during the war, though this was made during a speech at a Kremlin banquet and was never reported to the Russian people.

Stalin was a short, thickset man just over five feet in height. His heavily

pock-marked face, sallow complexion, and rather tired expression made me think that perhaps he was never in very good health. The first time I met him he was dressed in a loose, badly fitting khaki tunic, buttoned up to the neck, with khaki trousers stuck into high boots. Later, he always wore a khaki military uniform with the insignia of a marshal on his breast. At Potsdam he blossomed out into a spotless white military tunic with dark trousers. His personality was most impressive, and one thing is certain—if you met him you would never forget him.—*Light Programme*

## Stalin's Successor

MALENKOV IS ONLY FIFTY-ONE and is, as it were, a second-generation Communist, for he has no pre-revolutionary background. We first hear of him as a recruit in the Red Army in 1919. The following year he became a member of the party. From 1922 to 1925 he was in Moscow completing his interrupted education at the higher technical school. He was already active in party life and was Secretary of the Moscow Students' Communist Organisation. Then, in 1925, he became a member of Stalin's personal secretariat. His task was to keep a close check on party cadres. On the basis of the material which Malenkov compiled and transmitted to the Control Commission of the party, Stalin could ensure the expulsion and even arrest of all potential enemies. He was still only twenty-eight when he was appointed head of the Organisation Department of the Moscow Party Committee. By 1936 he was Editor-in-Chief of the party organ *Party Construction*. From these stepping stones Malenkov rose higher still and with unusual rapidity. At the eighteenth Party Congress in 1939 he was elected not only a member of the central committee but also one of its secretaries and the head of the so-called Cadres Administration. When war was declared between Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany he was put in charge of aircraft production. Later, in 1943 he was made High Commissioner for all liberated territories. In the autumn of 1947 Malenkov, together with Zhdanov, initiated the revival of the Communist International in the shape of the Cominform.—*From a talk in the European Service*



# On Jungle Patrol in Malaya

By RENÉ CUTFORTH

**T**HE Malayan jungle, where 50,000 soldiers of eight different races are now playing a deadly game of hide-and-seek, is, except for some parts of South America, the densest and most difficult forest country in the world. It is a wet, evergreen mass of fierce vegetation, often 100 feet high, about the size of England, and sweltering all the year round in a temperature of about ninety degrees at midday.

The only people who really know it are the Sakai and other primitive aboriginal tribes, who live in its thickest depths on roots and grubs and wild honey and the birds and the jungle pig which they hunt with blowpipes and tiny bows and arrows. But these peoples take no part in the fighting, though they have occasionally resisted raids on their settlements by starving Communist guerrillas. The soldiers—the British, the Gurkhas, the Africans from Kenya, the men from Fiji, as well as the indigenous Malays, Chinese, and Indians—have had painfully to work out their own methods of living and fighting in the jungle, for they were not bred in the forest. Of all the fighting men, only the few jungle trackers from Borneo called Ibans are really at home there, and they have been distributed among the other units as specialists. These men can tell from the look of a few blades of grass on a jungle trail exactly how many and what kind of men last passed that way, and how long ago.

The method of warfare painfully evolved by all these strangers in the end resembles, as you might expect, the fighting methods of the aboriginal Sakai who, in the days of the Japanese occupation, were known sometimes to follow army stragglers in the forest for days, totally invisible, known to be present only by the occasional flights of arrows out of dark thickets which kept the strangers moving in whatever direction the Sakai wanted them to move, a kind of nightmare hide-and-seek; and though it is unlikely that any unit in Malaya is one tenth as good at these jungle tactics as the Sakai, nevertheless they have learned a great deal in a short

time. In the jungle it is not long before a man from Suffolk, for instance, finds himself able to live—and with some relish—in all the strained alertness of his Stone Age hunting ancestors: all his senses alive and concentrated in deadly silence and stealthiness on the primitive business of seeing and not being seen, knowing and not being known, killing and

not being killed. This is a war where parade-ground training is at a discount, and a man relies on his own eyes, ears, and nose and, as time goes on, more and more on queer intuitions and hunches which he has learned to respect in himself because he finds they are right. In England the horse is a noble animal and the dog is the friend of man, but in the jungle the compendium of all the virtues is—the cat.

The Communist guerrillas (there are about 5,000 of them, men and women) live in the edges of the jungle, usually not more than six miles in from the villages and settled areas. For they are by no means up to Sakai standards in wresting a living from the forest and have to live by blackmail. Only one in every twenty-five of them is a Malay; the rest are Chinese, and

most of them have been in the jungle for years. They live in rough camps in the thick parts of the forest and they have become very clever at concealing these from air-force reconnaissance. Except for tiny paths like rabbit runs, made by game, the jungle is trackless, and warfare is a matter of incessant routine patrolling in the hope of flushing a bandit, or special patrols organised in haste to comb some area where shooting has been heard. But nearly all the successes are scored against guerrillas who have been betrayed by men of their own unit. Sick of discomfort, harsh discipline, fever, tuberculosis, starvation, and fear, they have escaped the vigilance of their commanders for an hour or two and given themselves up to the police. Within another hour these men are on their way back with an army patrol to hunt their own comrades. In every village, too, the Government has its spies in contact with the intellectual organisation of the Malayan Communist Party known as the Min-Yun, the body responsible for the bandits' supplies of food, money, information, and ammunition.

The Commonwealth armies live scattered around the jungle's edge, usually in units of not more than company strength, for unless there is hard information pin-pointing a very considerable headquarters of guerrillas, a platoon is a big patrol. Each unit has its own operations room, the walls covered with air photographs showing what appear to be identical squares of the same thick, woolly rug—the jungle—but each covered with a network



Men of a British jungle patrol in Malaya with a suspected Communist guerrilla



Two British soldiers in Malaya using 'walkie-talkie' equipment



of white lines marking the streams, the only forest features whose appearance remains constant for two weeks together. Any company headquarters at any time usually has one routine patrol out on the job, a platoon standing by as reserve for any special emergency and the next 'rest', as it is called, which means any form of activity not actually jungle-bound.

When news of a possible kill comes through to 'ops' on the telephone there is a brief clamour of orders and telephone bells, and the 'stand-by' platoon which has been resting, fully armed and booted with its packs ready to slip on, parades in front of 'ops' for a quick inspection by its commander under the broiling sun, hops into trucks, and is away in five minutes. I watched a number of patrols of various races go out on these special operations in the Malayan jungle and accompanied some of them. The routine patrols sometimes live in the forest for weeks at a time. The methods evolved by various units differ a good deal, and their reaction to the basic experience is not at all what you would expect. All the obvious guesses are wrong. The Africans, for instance, find the wet heat of Malaya almost insupportable. The Fijians do not find the jungle a sort of home-from-home. The British, from their wet, cold, northern shore, have as good a record—in fact, a slightly better record—in jungle successes than anybody else. They are just as healthy as the Africans and more so than the Malays.

### Jungle Equipment

An average patrol consists of about twenty men. Everyone carries a pack weighing as little as he can make it weigh, but it has to have rations in it, a complete change of clothing, a *poncho*, which is a sort of waterproof cape or groundsheet which can be used as a shelter at night, a tin of mosquito-repellent paste, and anti-malarial tablets. The War Office did elaborate a jungle mosquito net like a bee-keeper's veil, but though it weighs only a few ounces, and seems efficient, most men prefer not to take it, since the extra few ounces in that country in that heat can come to seem intolerable. The patrol carries a Bren gun, light, small rifles painted green with flash eliminators at the muzzles, and a light automatic gun, like a Sten, but more handy, called the 'Owen' gun. And, curiously enough, the old 'discharger cup', which went out of fashion at the beginning of the 1939 war, has come into its own in the jungle. It is a device for shooting a grenade from a rifle up to about 300 yards, and has been found very useful in the scrub-jungle or immature jungle called *belucca*, which is only about five feet high and harbours guerrilla look-out posts. This is the standard average equipment, but it is an individualistic war and all the rules are relaxed. I met a unit almost entirely armed with shotguns. 'You're very lucky in the jungle', its commander said, 'if you have as much as thirty yards' visibility, so what's the good of taking a rifle? If a man is dodging and ducking into the leaves ahead of you, you've much more chance of hitting him with a shotgun which has a spread. We use the biggest shot—five to a cartridge. And we've got another barrel ready for the next chap'.

Movement in the jungle country is exhausting, and jungle fighters well know the degrees and qualities of discomfort and danger which go with the different varieties of country. Rubber is the best. In a rubber plantation, which looks like a vast thin forest of rather ugly silver birches, the ground is clean, and it is comparatively cool under the leaves where moving air can penetrate. It is dangerous, though, for there is not much cover; but most rubber estates are too near civilisation to be badly infested by bandits. Surrounding the jungle's edge are the vast plains of tough, sharp grass called *alang*, bright green but stiff like dead vegetation and growing in clumps nearly two feet high. They are to be avoided if possible. It is very hot in the *alang* if the sun is shining, and there is no cover for moving men, and it is full of snakes; and if it is raining, the patrol will be wet to the skin in twenty seconds. *Alang* also has the curious property of catching fire, bright green as it is. Sometimes the sun sets whole acres of it ablaze.

On the jungle's edge there is usually a strip of *belucca*, or scrub jungle, which may be a mile thick, and except for the swamp this is the worst country of all for discomfort, but not for danger; visibility is good. The scrub jungle is about shoulder high, usually, and very dense and tough. It looks like a kind of giant bracken with stems like ash-plants, and ploughing through it is a miserable business, for the sun's heat is reflected from the leaves into the faces of the men, who are drenched in sweat after a minute in it and very soon begin to look as if they had been boiled. Snakes live in the *belucca*, and jungle pig which stampede suddenly, giving away the patrol position. It is in this country that, occasionally, the look-out post of the local guerrillas gives

itself away, and the grenade discharger is brought to bear on some small group of bandits burrowing into the scrub to escape.

The virgin jungle which the *belucca* surrounds like a fringe comes usually as a relief, unless it happens to be made of bamboos, which grow so thickly together in some areas that the only way through is by cutting the juicy stems with a *parang*, a thick Malay knife like a butcher's cleaver but two feet long. There is a white flash of water as the *parang* severs each stem at one shot, but this type of progress is frowned upon in the latest jungle instructions: the noise of chopping can be heard for miles, and it is best to avoid bamboo altogether. In the deep forest there is a cathedral gloom and silence. The tree trunks vanish upwards like pillars and thin spears of sunshine dart in through emerald tunnels in the high roof of the leaves. The ground is comparatively clear. There is nearly always room between the trunks and stems for a man to squeeze through, but curtains of rough vines like strings hang from the roof and carry bunches of thorns like fishhooks which grip and hold hair or flesh or clothing. A low undergrowth at the base of the trees may conceal anything from a bandit to a twenty-foot python or even a tiger. The visibility is poor. You can, if you are experienced, vanish silently in less than a second. So can the bandits.

From time to time, in the jungle, wide streams of water, usually white like milk and running swiftly, break the advance, and occasionally the patrol will come out at the edge of a wide expanse of still, black water. This is a swamp. If it is narrow, it will look like a great room hollowed out of the jungle, with walls of tree-trunks and a floor of black water smelling of steam, rank earth, and a greenhouse stink of festering lilies; but if it is wide, since no trees can grow in it, the sun shines through, and the patrol, wading up to their waists in it, will be assaulted by the millions of leeches which live in and around it, and which fasten themselves in a moment even through the eyeholes of boots or any chinks in the clothing and suck there until distended to ten times their size. They can be burnt off by cigarette ends or discouraged by mosquito repellent. There is a sun beating down on the men's heads like a blunt instrument, and a risk of being pulled down by the suction of the marsh under the water until they drown. It is in swamps or on the edge of them that the exhausted bandit is often shot, trying hopelessly to lever himself out on to the bank.

Ninety per cent. of patrols, even the ones which last for weeks, are marked on the report as 'N.T.R.'—nothing to report.

At night, when no one—guerrilla or soldier—has the temerity to risk drowning or a broken neck along the jungle trails, the silence, which all day has been kept immaculate, except for a jungle bird with three melancholy notes or the scolding of a tribe of monkeys, is broken at last by an orchestra: an orchestra which tunes up exactly at dusk, whose treble is a million million mosquitoes in unison, with a tenor of queer birds and a bass of frogs booming pompously from every tussock of grass in the marshes. Strange screams and whistles and a heavy grunting from the forest above an incessant trilling of crickets like muffled telephone bells brings on the night, as the sweating soldiers make shelter out of branches and *ponchos*, change their sodden clothing and settle down, without cigarettes, for the brew-up on smokeless stoves and the short night's rest, before they take the trail again at first light in the morning.—*Home Service*

## Lost Existences

In those kind days the streets were wet with light:  
the lady-bug upon her grassblade clinging  
seemed with the weeds and pebbles to be singing.  
The red wet worm was not a type of night.  
The smoke, from chimneys swerving like a kite,  
against clear blueness hovering and hanging,  
did not remind of Carthage. Signs wind-banging  
did not seem knocks of bony-knuckled fate.

Now I too clearly see the discarded packet  
of cigarettes, paint peeling on the porch.  
I know there is no steeple on the church:  
I'll not make China on a street-car ticket.  
And what I gained, and what it is I lost,  
I do not know . . . not knowing what has passed.

NORMAN NEWTON



# Harnessing the Waters of the Indus

By RICHARD WILLIAMS, B.B.C. correspondent in India and Pakistan

**D**URING the past few weeks a technical mission, sponsored by the International Bank, has been touring the Indus valley to examine how the waters of the river and its five tributaries could be further harnessed for irrigation. The investigation has been carried out jointly by Indian and Pakistani engineers under an American chairman. The two halves of the Punjab, east and west, lie astride the Indus basin, and they include some of the most fertile land in India and Pakistan. But the fertility is almost entirely man-made. An intricate network of canals, thousands of miles of them, has converted a vast area of 22,000,000 acres of desert and shrub into highly productive soil, ideal for growing wheat and cotton.

Work on the main canals began more than eighty years ago: today they form the biggest irrigation system of its kind in the world. On the map they look like tiny veins, reaching out further and further from the main arteries that feed them. The arteries are the Jhelum, the Chenab, the Beas, the Ravi and the Sutlej, which give the Punjab its name—the Land of the Five Rivers. There is no large dam to serve as focal point for the system, only this undramatic close-knit pattern laboriously extended over decades; yet it remains one of the most permanent and valuable monuments to British rule in undivided India, and with it has been handed down a tradition of skilled irrigation engineering in both India and Pakistan which is still carefully fostered today.

## Irrigation System Sundered

Partition disrupted the Punjab irrigation system entirely. The new frontiers cut like a sharp knife across river and canal, across artery and vein. Something like three-quarters of the existing irrigated land went to Pakistan, but the head works, controlling some of the largest canals, remained in India; and all the rivers on which west Pakistan depends originate or flow through India or Kashmir, where they are fed by the monsoon rains and the melting snow of the Himalayan and Karakoram ranges.

For the past five years the sharing of these water supplies, which are vital to both countries, has been a source of constant dispute between them, and it is aggravated because Pakistan this year will face a food shortage almost as serious as India's. The dispute has now become a complex legal issue, with both sides claiming that the terms of partition support their case.

In April 1948, after the standstill agreement had lapsed, India cut off most of the supply of water to Pakistan for a month. Canals ran dry and crops wilted in the fields. Later on, relations improved and the two countries signed an agreement in Delhi the following month. It was friendly in tone but it failed to bring a final solution. The basic disagreement persisted: India claimed that she had the proprietary rights in the waters of the rivers flowing through her territory. Pakistan's case was that under the award which followed partition, and under international law, she was entitled to her original share of the water. And that, essentially, is still the position today. Both sides agreed that the dispute should be settled in a spirit of goodwill and friendship and, as a gesture of reassurance, India undertook not to withhold water from Pakistan without giving her reasonable time to tap alternative sources. At the same time, a clause in the Agreement made clear India's intention to irrigate new tracts of land in her part of the Punjab, which, over the years, would mean a progressive reduction in the volume of water available for Pakistan.

That was nearly five years ago, and since then India has been pressing on with her development plans. Some of them are nearing completion, although they have taken rather longer than the original estimates. The largest of all is the Bhakra project on the River Sutlej, 200 miles north of Delhi. Bhakra is not a new plan; it was first thought of many years ago. When it is finished it will be the highest dam in the world, capable, it is estimated, of storing the entire flow of the Sutlej for a year and of irrigating nearly 4,000,000 acres of new land. It is the largest single project in the five-year plan.

Bhakra will not be ready for another five years, although its effect

is likely to be partially felt before then. A large barrage, or weir, is nearly ready at Nagal on the same river, and India is also pressing on with new headworks at Harike and Rupar. Harike was to have been ready this spring, but it is unlikely now to be working for another year. At Rupar work goes on late into the night. Eventually they will all draw on water now shared with Pakistan.

All told, more than 40,000,000 people live in the Indus basin; they are more or less evenly divided, half in India and half in Pakistan. Both countries have chosen this area to resettle many millions of refugees—there was nowhere else to put them. This great mass of people depend directly on the effective use of the land they live on, and, first and last, that means water. At best it is a precarious marginal existence; there is never a surplus to provide a cushion for the lean years. On the Indian side every summer brings a tale of scarcity or near famine from some area or other, hence the urgency of the present irrigation work. And now it is the same story in Pakistan, where the partial failure of the capricious monsoon has helped to produce a serious food shortage.

Engineers have told me that even if the present canal water dispute between India and Pakistan were amicably solved tomorrow, there would still be an absolute shortage of harnessed water to supply the growing needs of both. The water is there, but it is not being used; it has been calculated that four-fifths of the flow of the Indus river runs waste to the Arabian Sea. I have more than once flown along the Indus valley in the monsoon period and seen the river in spate; a great area of muddy, brown water spilling over the banks and flooding the level countryside. And I have seen exactly the same thing in Iraq when the Tigris and the Euphrates overflowed their banks each year and ruined large tracts of land on both sides. It is here, in the Indus valley, that engineers believe that the long-term answer lies.

Not that Pakistan has been idle, either: big irrigation projects are already under way. The Kotri barrage in Sind is nearing completion, and will eventually irrigate 2,000,000 acres of land. The Thal scheme in the Punjab has made remarkable headway. Two wells have been built as rapidly as resources allow, and various other schemes have been sanctioned.

The idea of a technical mission from the International Bank arose out of a suggestion made by Mr. David Lilienthal, a former chairman of the American Tennessee Valley Authority, who toured the Indus basin two years ago. He was impressed by the amount of water that was running unused to the sea. In his opinion, if this wasted water, or even a large fraction of it, could be harnessed, the needs of India and Pakistan could be more than met. Both countries agreed to take part in an investigation sponsored by the International Bank to explore alternative sources of water supply; and India also undertook not to reduce the flow of water to Pakistan while the investigation was in progress. The mission came out last December and spent several weeks on both sides of the Indus basin; they will eventually report to the Bank on their findings.

## A Major Political Problem

In Pakistan the canal waters dispute has again become a major political issue, even overshadowing, for the time being at least, the Kashmir problem, because last year's harvest fell far short of the country's needs and this year the position will be worse still. In the past, with the Punjab as its granary, Pakistan had a comfortable surplus of wheat and other grain; but last year, for a number of reasons, the yield was low. Large quantities of wheat had to be bought abroad at a time when it was not easy to get. Preliminary estimates, based on the area sown, indicate that this year Pakistan will have to import about 1,000,000 tons of wheat to make up the shortage, and it is likely to cost around £30,000,000.

The main reason for the poor harvest was the failure of the rains; the margin is so narrow that even a partial failure just before sowing time can make all the difference between prosperity and disaster. Other

(continued on page 435)



# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsgagent

## Man and the Elements

**A**T last we appear to be emerging from one of the longest, hardest, and in some respects most disastrous winters that one remembers. Even so, as the recent recurrence of fog reminded us, appearances may be deceptive and who can tell whether we have even now really finished with heavy overcoats and gum boots? Nor has it been the weather alone that has afflicted us more or less continuously since last September: the amount of human suffering caused by its excesses and their aftermath—moving accidents by flood and field—has made a deep impression not only on those immediately affected, but also on the rest of us, the more fortunate ones who, untouched by the indifferent hand of nature, have gone about our daily business in the ordinary way.

Over the years we have often read of catastrophes—tornadoes, earthquakes, and the like—overtaking the inhabitants of distant lands, places, as we have supposed, where 'such things happen'. Our sympathy has flowed out, and sometimes too our material help; but the notion that such things can happen here also has not been one that we have customarily entertained. On the contrary, our mood has often, perhaps too often, been one of personal and national immunity—a mood that may have its origin (who knows?) in the fact that we live on an island. So it is that in the presence of some natural disaster—the recent floods, for example—in addition to doing all that has to be done in the way of self-help and mutual aid, we have a feeling in our bones that Nature has played us a trick she had no right to play us and we feel—not self-pity: nothing of that—but rather affronted at the altogether senseless way we have been treated. We see no meaning in it. Thoughts of this kind are not the outcome of pride or *hubris*. They come to all men in greater or less degree when they are faced with poignant or seemingly senseless suffering. Writing on this theme in a book that has lately come our way\* one of its authors, Dr. John Baillie, refers to the difficulty of relating the heedless march of natural forces to the things that give life meaning—to our duty, to our sense of vocation, to any kind of belief that under the providence of God all things work together for good. This problem, the problem of evil, is, as Dr. Baillie says, as old as humanity. 'It was Job's problem, and Sophocles'; and it has loomed larger the more men have thought about it'. (The book, incidentally, contains the series of talks broadcast last year by various speakers and printed in THE LISTENER under the title 'Science and Faith').

If, then, one speaks of the problem here, it is not for the purpose of discussing the unsatisfactoriness of any one of the many solutions of it that at various times have been propounded. But that we have all of us been made aware of the problem in an acute way this winter is to state the obvious. In the context of science and faith Dr. Baillie makes the point that 'the only certainties for which you and I would lay down our lives are certainties that science can do nothing either to suggest or to establish'. By the same token it is surely by the faith that is in us, not as scientists or indeed in any other capacity than as men, that we must meet as manfully as we can the blows that fortune deals us, however meaningless they may appear. The nature of that faith—resting ultimately on the conviction that there is some meaning and value in the life we have to live—is a matter each of us has to determine for himself. But certain it is that, as a wise man has observed, if you can do very little with faith, you can do nothing without it.

\* *Science and Faith Today*. Lutterworth Press. 3s.

## What They Are Saying

### Foreign broadcasts on the death of Stalin

STALIN'S DEATH took pride of place in broadcasts all over the world. While commentators from Communist countries concentrated on expressions of grief and calls for unity and vigilance, commentators in the free world speculated on the repercussions his death might have on the future of the Communist regimes in Russia, China, and the satellite states, as well as on Soviet foreign policy and the questions of peace and war.

The news of Stalin's illness was first broadcast by the Tass service in Russian for abroad at 5.15 on the morning of March 4. The *communiqué* and subsequent medical bulletin were first broadcast to the Soviet home public at 5.30. On the following morning Moscow radio broadcast a *Pravda* leader endorsing the plea of the central committee of the party and Council of Ministers for 'unity and cohesion, staunchness of spirit, and vigilance in these difficult days'. The call for unity was emphasised in other newspapers also, quoted by Moscow in home and foreign broadcasts. *Izvestia*, for instance, maintained that the party of Lenin and Stalin had 'united all the peoples of the Soviet Union into a single fraternal family' and inspired a degree of unity 'unprecedented in history and unthinkable in the capitalist countries'. The newspaper was quoted as adding:

There can be no doubt that all the people of our country, filled with deep love for the Communist Party and for Comrade Stalin, will redouble their efforts to carry out the tasks of Communist construction, will tirelessly heighten revolutionary vigilance, and rally still more closely round the central committee of the Communist Party and the Soviet Government.

Then, in the early hours of March 6, Moscow radio broadcast a *communiqué* announcing that the death had taken place six hours earlier—at 6.50 p.m. G.M.T. The Soviet people were called upon to unite and rally behind the leadership of the party:

Our task is to guard, like the apple of our eye, the unity of the party, to strengthen even more the party's ties with all the workers, collective farmers and intelligentsia, for in this indissoluble link with the people lie the strength and invincibility of our party.

On the evening of March 6 speculations as to the succession ended when Moscow radio announced that Malenkov had succeeded Stalin as Prime Minister, with the supreme power concentrated in five hands—Malenkov, Beria, Molotov, Bulganin, and Kaganovitch—with Marshal Voroshilov as titular head of the state. The *communiqué* announcing these appointments explained that swift decisions had been taken 'to prevent panic and disarray'. The decisions involved showed that within twenty-four hours of Stalin's death his successors had radically reorganised the government and party administration.

One of the first of the world's Communist leaders to assure the new Soviet Government of his support was Mao Tse-tung who, according to a transmission from Peking, assured it of 'the fraternal support and consistent confidence of the Chinese Communist Party, people and government'. Then, from one satellite state after another, came messages of grief at the death of the great 'liberator'.

Apart from the official messages and statements issued by the leaders of the free world—couched in varying degrees of restraint—there were innumerable comments from these countries, varying in tone: some concentrated on Stalin's achievements: others concentrated on his ruthlessness. A point made by many was that it was very doubtful if Communists throughout the world would give the same loyalty to the machine now ruling Russia as they gave to Stalin.

The *New York Times* was quoted as saying that the one thing Malenkov cannot take over from Stalin is the aura of the demi-god who had established his authority beyond the possibility of challenge. Some, like the independent Liberal *Helsingin Sanomat* in Finland, expressed anxiety lest the Soviet Union would now isolate itself still further from the world:

During the war, leading western statesmen and soldiers had personal contacts with Stalin. But no such contacts exist with the men who have been mentioned as his possible successors. [This was written before the announcement of the successors.]

Some regarded Stalin as having been a restraining influence as regards the danger of launching the world into another war, but questioned what might happen now.



# Did You Hear That?

## ANGLO-SAXON CHURCHES IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

'PERHAPS NO OTHER COUNTY is as rich as Northamptonshire in remains of Saxon architecture', said L. G. H. LEE in 'Midlands Miscellany'. 'The first Saxon churches were doubtless very simple buildings, sometimes of wood and often merely shelters for the altar, but later the Saxons built churches of considerable size in stone. The Norman invaders of our country seemed to despise these buildings and in their remarkable fervour for building churches in their own style, tore them down, though they sometimes left the Saxon tower standing. This is one reason you rarely find a complete church of pre-Norman date.

'The church tower is enough to get Earls Barton into all books on ecclesiastical architecture. We must study it well for here we can find every feature typical of Saxon building. It is, as is usual for its date, an unbuttressed tower, its surface relieved by projecting strips of masonry. Its semi-circular headed west doorway is roughly and almost crudely set, but I am sure you will agree that it has more than a touch of distinction. Except for the embattled top you are looking at the tower very much as it was left in the tenth century.

'Ten miles to the north-west of Earls Barton we come to Brixworth. Here more is to be seen—not merely a tower but an entire Saxon church. It dates from the seventh century, that is 300 years before Earls Barton tower was built. Indeed, it is one of the oldest churches in England. Whatever interest you may find in the tower, heightened and a spire added in the fourteenth century, the chief attraction lies in the body of the church. It is a great hall-like building different from the usual type of English parish churches. A very great authority on the subject has described Brixworth church as the most imposing architectural memorial of the seventh century north of the Alps. That is high praise indeed.

'Here two things are quite unmistakable: Saxon architecture and the use of Roman bricks and tiles in its construction. Nevertheless the building presents a most interesting problem which I suppose will never be solved. Did the Saxons really build it using materials from Roman remains which they found in the district, or did they take over an existing Roman hall or basilica and transform it into a church? Think what you like, but I shall hold tenaciously to the theory that they adapted an existing Roman building.

'Passing to the north-east of the county we must look in at Brigstock to see the tower, which with its bulging excrescence on the west front is so reminiscent of Brixworth. And so we come to Barnack near Peterborough. What can be more appropriate than that this village, which for centuries supplied vast quantities of the finest buildingstone for churches, colleges, and cathedrals, should have so worthy a church of its own?

'The tower strongly recalls that of Earls Barton but its pilaster-strip decoration is less profuse. It has, however, in compensation, upright panels on each of its four fronts, quaintly carved with different designs which appear to be Saxon ideas of acanthus foliage. The Saxon part of the tower is of two stages only. It is possible that a third was removed to make room for a very late twelfth-century octagonal storey which carries a short, stocky spire. Inside, the tower is approached through a pre-Norman arch of exceptional height and span. You see a recess in the west wall of the tower chamber which was obviously meant for a seat. This makes one wonder whether or not the chamber was used as a hall of justice in the Saxon legal system.

'But if I had time to show you only one example of Saxon architecture in Northamptonshire it would not be any of the churches I have already mentioned—not even Earls Barton. Instead, I would take you to Wittering, just off the Great North Road, three miles south of Stamford. As you approach the village you see a church so ordinary and dull looking that you would hardly



Detail of the tower of Barnack church, showing the decorated panels on its front

trouble to stop. That would be a great pity: for the exterior does nothing to suggest the truly marvellous sight within. Now look: there is the chancel arch, one of the most impressive examples of Saxon stonework in all the country?.

## ANY OLD RAGS?

'I was looking', said HARRY HOPKINS in a Home Service talk, 'at some statistics the other day which struck me as mildly astonishing. They were about rags—British wool rags. Do you realise, for instance, that in the first nine months of last year over 20,000,000 pounds weight of British rags were exported to the United States, nearly 8,000,000 pounds to Germany, and 1,000,000 to Japan; and that our rags are shipped to a score of other countries, including the Soviet Union? Did you know that as much as 80,000,000 pounds of fibre recovered from such rags was used in making new cloth in Britain in 1951; that your old suit, which you last saw disappearing on the back of the rag-and-bone man's cart becomes, in other words, the raw material of an important branch of the woollen textile industry?

'It was to uncover the facts behind these figures that I recently travelled to Dewsbury, the small West Riding town in the Calder Valley that is the rag capital of the world. Rag auction-sales, drawing consignments of rags from almost every country where clothes are worn, have been going on in Dewsbury for well over 100 years. They are still being held six or seven times a week. I went along to one of them.

'I climbed a flight of wooden steps leading up from a yard and found myself on the upper floor of a warehouse, a vast iron-girded cavern of a place, stacked with hundreds of big, brown bales. As I stood there, getting my bearings, down



The chancel arch of Wittering church  
*National Buildings Record*



one of the aisles between the bales came trooping fifty or sixty serious-faced Yorkshiremen, most of them wearing hats and coats. They held long, printed lists in their hands and I saw that they were tagging along behind a man in a white dustcoat, and another in a brown one.

'Some way down the warehouse, the man in the brown dustcoat came to a halt opposite one of the bales and slashed at it, deftly, with the small curved knife he held in the palm of his hand. The sackcloth parted and through the slit appeared a tight wedge of old anonymous garments, scarves, gloves, vests, in a score of light shades. The buyers crowded round.

'The auction had been going on all morning, working its way down a sales-list of over 200 bizarre-sounding items, from "RAF Serge" to "Ladies Felt Hats", from "Canary Comforters" to "Dirty White Knits". And there would be another auction-sale, somewhere else in the town, that afternoon. They were important links in the process—which comes to a focus here in the valley of the inky Calder—by which your old suit or dress is born again, reincarnated in a blanket, a sports coat, or, perhaps, army uniform; by which rags are disintegrated and their fibres re-spun into yarn, moving from rags to new clothes and from new clothes to rags and back to new clothes again in a continuing process almost as remarkable and economically as Nature's.

'The buyers at the auction were mainly rag-merchants—"raggers" they call them—and, a stage further along in the process, shoddy manufacturers. As I stood there, watching the brisk bidding, I found myself wondering how it was possible for men to bid these substantial sums, so confidently, for bales of miscellaneous rags.

'But that, of course, is the whole point of a place like Dewsbury, and the essence of its service to the woollen textile industries of the world: For these men and their fathers before them had spent their whole lives in rags. To them, rags were not "just rags", but each was individual, each had its story. They would look at a bale, for instance, for clues to its town of origin: London rags are better than rags from, say, Merthyr Tydfil or the Black Country; rags from a port will have different characteristics again, although, even within that category, a ragger's sixth sense can distinguish between rags from, say, Hull and rags from Newcastle. Rags from the Highlands may well contain home-spun and hand-knitted woollens, but the nicest rags of all, one Dewsbury rag-merchant assured me, are those coming from the Lowland towns of Scotland. The rag-merchants specialise. Some concentrate on new tailors' clippings, including the bunches of patterns they throw out at the end of the season. Others are specialists on "stockings", or even on particular colours. There are around 200 of these rag-merchants in the district, and the Bradford road out of Dewsbury is something like a continuous mile of their warehouses, great, gaunt buildings of smoke-blackened stone that were once woollen mills'.

## HAPPY, BUSY BEAVERS

One of Canada's national emblems is the beaver, but by one of those strange paradoxes to which nature, with the help of man, is addicted the Canadian beaver had, a few years ago, been reduced to the point of extinction in some parts of the country. But the Canadian Government has been taking care of things and its system of conserving wild life has worked so efficiently that the beaver population has been built up again. Dr. HARRY R. LILLIE, who has just returned from Canada, spoke about the subject in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The building up of Canada's beaver population is a classic of wild life conservation', he said. 'The beaver is an attractive animal—a really delightful animal—one of the hardest working creatures in the world; he works a day shift and a night shift, chopping down small trees, hauling the timber to the water's edge and using it for his dams

to build up the level of the water so that there is always a reasonable depth below the two- to three-foot thickness of ice in mid-winter to allow him to swim to his food supply.

'He is a chunky, brown-furred packet of steady hard work, growing to sixty and even ninety pounds in weight, with a broad, flat, rudder tail like an outsize bricklayer's trowel. In the past it was thought that he used his tail to plaster mud on his house, but it is more likely he uses it as a rudder while manoeuvring his buildings logs into position. He has wood-slicing chisel teeth that could remove your finger clean in one nibble if he ever felt so inclined, instead of being the soul of gentleness that he is.

'Three hundred years ago, he was happy at his day-long and night-long work chopping down trees, hauling them off to the water's edge and then building his dam, and a lodge home. In controlling the run-off of water the dams were of immense value in preventing erosion of the surrounding country. But he was killed everywhere and became extinct over large areas. At last, there came a change of thought in Canada in the late 'twenties of this century that led to conservation. One or two of the provincial governors took steps to abolish the old trapping system whereby a man could get a licence that would allow him to set his traps more or less where he pleased. In its place came the allocation of registered trapping areas. At once, instead of the old free for all, the kill everything before the next man gets it attitude, the trappers began to realise that trapping in moderation only, in accordance with government quotas, meant the preservation of breeding stock for the future. The beaver responded, and instead of hiding away in the daytime from those who would destroy him, he once again could be seen through the daylight hours—busy as a beaver.

'From the gradually restocked areas the authorities began to transfer surplus breeding stock for release in more remote country where the food available indicated they would thrive. Caught

alive in basket traps they were taken by boat, truck, and aeroplane, and with their philosophical outlook the beavers took it all in their stride'.



A Canadian beaver felling a tree

## WATER UNDER THE INN

'A block of old cottages', said DON MOSEY, in a Home Service talk, 'at the foot of the great sandstone rock on which Nottingham Castle stands is rented by Nottingham Corporation Water Department from the Estates Committee. A few weeks ago, workmen in one of the cottages which is used as a store noticed that the tiled floor appeared to be sinking in places. Part of the floor just behind the door was taken up and, at the normal cellar level, a hole was made in a brick wall the workmen found there. It was through this hole, just wide enough to take the body of a man, that I scrambled; clinging to a rope, I lowered myself into a square cellar, cut out of solid rock. The beam from my torch showed me the well of clear water, which is believed to have supplied the breweries of the famous Nottingham Ales.

'Since the cave was found, Mr. G. F. Campion, a Nottingham archaeologist, and a group of friends, have been excavating it. They have made discoveries which may prove of real historical interest. The cave is twenty feet below the level of Brewhouse Yard, and is next door to the old "Trip to Jerusalem" inn, which claims to be the oldest inn in the country, and to have associations with the Crusades. The well was probably used from the days of Richard the Lionheart, or King John, to the reign of George III, that is from the middle or late twelfth century, when Robin Hood and his merry men roamed Sherwood Forest, poaching the King's game, and pursuing their feud with the Sheriff of Nottinghamshire, to about 1820, when the cave seems to have been bricked up. A sandal, pieces of pottery, and a pin are among the finds which have already been made'.





Dr. Weizmann, President of Israel,  
1948-1952

# The First President of Israel

CHRISTOPHER SYKES on Dr. Chaim Weizmann

**T**HERE can never be any doubt that Dr. Weizmann was a great man. When we consider how remote, fifty years ago, were the chances that a Jewish State would ever exist again in Palestine or anywhere else, and how the genius of the first President of Israel was the essential driving power which accomplished the return, we must stand amazed at what he did, especially if we remember that at the beginning of his career he laboured under a heavy handicap

which is somewhat forgotten today. I do not mean the fact that he was a foreigner with an imperfect command of English and few connections with British politicians. No, for in the mind of such men as Arthur Balfour, Lloyd George, C. P. Scott, Sir Mark Sykes, and Lord Cecil, this remoteness was no disadvantage at all, rather the opposite; for it impressed them with a certitude that they were speaking to a direct representative of the largest Jewish community in the world, and the one that stood in the most grievous need. Let us not forget that they were all open to the romantic appeal. No, the disadvantage was rather to be found in the fact that when Dr. Weizmann came on the scene the Zionist Movement had already enjoyed a brief and spectacular career under Theodore Herzl, which had excited the attention of the world, and that this thrilling and meteor-like brilliance had ended in apparent failure.

Herzl had failed to reach an accommodation with the Sultan of Turkey; he had failed to get the support of Kaiser William; failed to obtain advantage from Joseph Chamberlain's interest; and failed by his interventions to moderate the atrocious anti-Jewish policy of the Tsar and his Government. In 1906, when Dr. Weizmann had his first interview with Arthur Balfour in Manchester, Zionism had become obscure, so much so that although the offer of African territory had been made under Balfour's Government to the Zionists, the Prime Minister had already forgotten the Zionist leader's name, referring to him as 'Dr Hertz'. By 1914, Zionism had a further failure to record: the Portuguese Government had offered territory in Angola, and the Zionist schismatics who ineptly handled the business had succeeded only in making bad relations between Portugal and the Jewish people. Zionism was not well established politically anywhere in the world, and was only saved from hostility by being little known. It was once more what it had originally been, the concern of Jewish pietists, and millennially-minded cranks among the Gentiles. That was the situation in which Dr. Weizmann took up the task of his life, and I think that even his admirers have somewhat underestimated the enormity of his first problems when he dedicated himself to revitalising a movement that, in vulgar parlance, had already proved a flop.

## Man of Genius

I will not go into the fascinating and intricate story of how Dr. Weizmann and his colleagues finally obtained the Declaration of November 1917. Let me remember only that Arthur Balfour sent the famous letter to Lord Rothschild in one of the blackest moments of the first world war. On a first sight it might seem one of the most improbable things that ever happened that, in the midst of the disaster of the whole western world, when the total military defeat of France and Great Britain and their allies was by no means a distant possibility, the war cabinet of Lloyd George, and the French Government, should have devoted long and anxious study to the question as to whether it were possible to restore Israel, and should have finally decided in favour of that proposition; yet, if we reflect again, we may conclude that it was just because of the darkness of the prospect that the statesmen, politicians, and civil servants of 1917 were drawn in such

numbers to this work of piety and construction. I have often thought that history may link the Balfour Declaration with the Beveridge Report of 1942. Both were received with acclaim in similar circumstances, and both were far removed from immediate necessities. The point can never be proved, of course, but it does seem historically possible that because of the travail of spirit from which the vision of a restored Israel was some relief, certain of Dr. Weizmann's apparent obstacles here, as elsewhere, in the event were of help to him; but, if we accept that possibility, then it must be insisted that only a man of genius could have used such advantages, and seized success from them.

Dr. Weizmann belongs to that imposing array of modern heroes whose names are associated with the birth or rebirth of states and nations. He is of the company of Cavour, Bismarck, Kemal Ataturk, Gandhi. Is that praise or blame? It may in time be urged against the memory of this man that the world of today needs something different from the nationalism which has torn it asunder, and that in promoting nationalism among his own people, who have suffered more than others from its fanaticism, he did them no good service. The argument is powerful, but the argument against it is more likely, I think, to receive the assent of history. It is natural, runs the argument on the other side, to decry nationalism, but it is peevish; it is as sensible as to decry hunger. When a people has felt the itch to express itself through nationalist ideas and institutions, it can never be calm or reconciled with the world again until it has what it now needs, and the best nationalism is that which is most thoroughly appeased.

## The Original Nationalism

That is the general argument for nationalism which might be applied to any people under the sun, but there is a second and yet more powerful argument applicable to the Jews only, and this runs as follows. Jewish nationalism is the original nationalism out of which all others have flowed, certainly in the west. It is not separate from Jewish sacred traditions, and is an essential part of that culture whose value is proved by being the basis of half the world's religion. For these reasons Jewish nationalism has unique claims to fulfilment as long as any nationalist claims are to be respected or admitted anywhere in the whole of civilisation. The very word 'nation' comes to us through translations of the Bible. The whole of this argument was expressed by Dr. Weizmann in a single phrase that he used to Arthur Balfour at their first meeting. 'We had Jerusalem', he said, 'when London was a marsh'.

I believe it is still much too early to say whether the price that has had to be paid in suffering for Zionism has been so great as to make the venture impracticable; it is too early, I believe, to say whether the movement has had finally beneficial results, but with the second argument for Jewish nationalism in mind, something must be added to that truism: it is that the establishment of an Israelitish state in the modern nationalist world was not only a great but an inescapable task. It sometimes needs a greater man to accomplish an inescapable task than one which demands only originality. It needs one who can partake of the character of a great natural force. Such a man was Dr. Weizmann.

He portrayed himself with extraordinary accuracy and candour in his autobiography, all the more so because that fascinating and remarkable book was so manifestly unfair. He was not all sublimity. Dr. Weizmann suffered much of the self-delusion of the man who, at the peril of his soul, devotes himself to party politics for a long time. A Russian Jew, he could not be fair to the intensely German Theodore Herzl, to whom he owed so much. Only grudgingly could he praise him, and he could not resist mocking his weaknesses. Worse still, he treated the contribution of his valiant second-in-command, Nahum Sokolov, in a spirit of underestimation which is likely to mislead all but specialists for a long time. And as for Mr. James Malcolm, who played a brief but vital part in the fortunes of the Zionist cause—Dr. Weizmann never mentioned him in the first edition of his book at all! His abiding rancour against Edwin Moatagu and the Assimilationist



Jews of England was grossly and horrifyingly unjust. If ever man stood as a warning against the mental consequences of party political strife, Dr. Weizmann did so. But this man was built on a scale which made such blemishes on his character seem small, and we can see how small if we consider the contrast provided by only one of his most striking virtues: his gratitude.

That he was a man of abundant gratitude may surprise a listener who has not studied Zionism in any detail. To him Dr. Weizmann's career may show a disturbing anti-British bias. Such was not the case at all. True, his singleness of purpose often made him see little of the difficulties of the mandatory power in Palestine, and he considered it his duty, as any national leader must have done in his place, to strive against the limitations to the National Home which the British Government deemed politic. He believed that every British political party had betrayed the solemn trust of the Promised Land to some extent; and to speak him true, he was not wholly mistaken in that terrible opinion. All the more remarkable was the abiding affection of this man of passionately one-sided view for this country. In spite of his long and bitter dispute with successive British Governments he never forgot, he could never forget, that out of Britain had come the Declaration that had given hope to the wretched thousands in the ghettos where he had been a child; and that British administrators had shielded the infant growth of the new *spes Israelis*. It was part of the largeness and splendour of his being that he brought up his children to love this country, and that when the second world war came he should have received the crushing blow of the death in action of his younger son Michael Weizmann, an officer in the Royal Air Force, with the same mixture of pride and grief as under the same circumstances many English fathers showed to the honour of us all. Such was the measure of his gratitude to the statesmen of 1917.

So as to give a completer idea of this fine trait in the man, I may perhaps, from considering its sublime expression, recall a trifling personal experience. One day, towards the end of the last war, I had to go to a hotel in London to see I forget whom. I was in a hurry, and as I went through the hall I saw Dr. Weizmann sitting in a chair in a far corner. When I came down a little later I met a friend of mine, and it so happened that this friend had been in the hall at the time of my arrival, too. He asked me who was the bearded man who had been sitting in the chair in the corner. I told him. Then he told me that after I had passed him Dr. Weizmann had risen from his chair and followed me for a few steps, staring at me, said my friend, as though he had seen a ghost. Now that was how Dr. Weizmann remembered my father, who was Sir Mark Sykes, and who, as Assistant Secretary to the War Cabinet in 1917, had urged a Zionist policy on

Arthur Balfour and Lord Robert Cecil. That was how Dr. Weizmann remembered a man who had helped him for a very brief time, and who had died more than twenty-five years before.

One element is very puzzling in the career of Dr. Weizmann, as it is in the whole Zionist Movement. It is difficult to believe that Jewish irridentism does not derive its colossal force from the fact that the national and religious traditions of the Jews are not separate. There are those who see in Zionism nothing more than is to be seen in any other national effort, and who assert that in demanding a national state in Palestine the Jews have only been asking 'that we also may be like the nations'. This would be easier to believe were it not that the great majority of Jews have been dissociated from the geographical ground of their patriotism for 1,800 years, and that the memory of Jerusalem has only been kept alive by a sacred liturgy. It is not as though Zionism had been primarily a movement of eastern Mediterranean Jews to whom Palestine is a beloved because familiar homeland; on the contrary, it is a European movement. It is not as though it had been solely a movement of persecuted communities; on the contrary, Herzl was a man in easy circumstances who gave up a distinguished career for the cause, as today, when the life of the Jews in Palestine is an exceedingly hard one, it is a strength of modern Israel that there are many people who have preferred life amid its austerities to honourable success in the diaspora.

All this points to a unique spiritual driving force, and yet we are asked by many people of authoritative experience and learning to believe that these circumstances argue no special impulse, nothing much more than a Jewish wish to be at one with the Balkans; and—this is the strangest thing—Dr. Weizmann himself never spoke of Zionism as though it owed its power chiefly to the imperishable religious traditions of the Jews. That is the mystery. The man who wrought the miracle insisted on describing it as a commonplace event. I have heard many explanations—that Dr. Weizmann had to guard against certain political extremisms, and so on—but none of them quite fits.

Remembering him, as I always will, from frequent childhood impressions of him in my father's house during 1916 and 1917; remembering how it felt for a child to come under the focus of Dr. Weizmann's eyes—those eyes full of suffering and restless energy—I will suggest a simple solution of the riddle without attempting to lay down the law on a question likely to puzzle generations to come. I merely suggest that the religious traditions which had kept the remembrance of the Promised Land alive among the Jews for nearly 2,000 years, were not only fully present in Dr. Weizmann's mind and were not only entirely accepted by him, but, as with many of his followers, they lay too deep in his being for expression.—*Third Programme*

## Modern American Factories

By WILLIAM ALLEN

**I**N this country we build a great variety of types of factory building, single and multi-storey, steel and concrete, with double-pitched roofs, north lights, high-bay low-bay construction, and an increasing range of concrete vaults, domes, and shells. All these are for quite ordinary kinds of factory work, not the large-scale industries such as the making of steel and heavy chemicals which have their own wide range of buildings tailor-made for them.

The scene in America contrasts strangely with this. They have their special buildings for heavy industry, of course, and they have had our common types of factory in the past; but today, when we are still extending the range we build, they have contracted theirs to the point where one type and one type alone holds the field. This is simply a steel-framed box, with either an uninterrupted flat roof or a flat roof upraised in parts in an elementary high-bay low-bay construction, to admit some natural light. They use no other roofs to any extent now. Their walls sometimes are windowless, like the roof, but more often have a long, low range of openings for a view. Attached somewhere will be an office block, often two storeys high, incorporating a rather resplendent entrance lobby.

The apparent simplicity of these designs is misleading for they are,

in fact, relatively refined buildings in which ingenuity has been devoted not to variety, but to adaptability. This is the declared aim of designers and clients alike and they do it with a clear purpose in view. Adaptability, they say, increases the country's strength because it facilitates such great national changes as transitions from war to peace and *vice versa*, and it is a better safeguard for private investment because a firm can look forward confidently to an exceptionally long life of good working conditions, no matter what changes take place in its work, or it can sell the plant for a better price if a sale becomes desirable.

These arguments have so much common sense that the principle will readily commend itself to industrial people and designers over here, but the ways in which adaptability is actually obtained need to be understood before the arguments can be given their proper weight. They work for it, first, in the plan. I said they keep to a single storey, and they do it explicitly because in their view horizontal handling and transport is both more economical and more flexible than vertical handling. Most of our factories are in single-storey designs, too, but we have shown much sympathy for the multi-storey solution lately, not only for easy vertical handling but to save land. Americans believe the economic advantage of the single storey to be so great that they will



even find a new site for a new unit rather than be forced upward on an existing site. Then, again, they have some firm views about keeping the floor area clear, not so much through large bay sizes—they seldom exceed forty by sixty feet or forty by eighty at most—but by keeping all the bigger obstructions, such as lavatories, locker rooms and transformer cages, off the working floor, either on the edge of the area, or by putting them up on mezzanines or in the depth of the roof trusses if the working area is so large that men cannot easily reach the edge.

Individually, there is no striking novelty about any of these points; it is the consistency with which they are observed in design that counts, and much the same can be said of their practice in structural design, though they have one or two views about this which have particular significance here. There is, for instance, the importance they attach in most types of industry to being able to hang quite heavy loads, up to three, five or even ten tons, anywhere. They use this facility for several purposes, sometimes to fix high machinery, sometimes to hang walkways which carry foot traffic over the working area, sometimes for suspended assembly lines or monorail carriers, and often to let them lift machinery out overhead for removal or repair. Apart from the obvious needs for high fixing points, their other arguments are all based on the fact that you can make far better use of your floor space if you can take loads and people out overhead. The result is often quite extraordinary population densities of machinery on the floor itself, and the minimum of interference with work by passing foot traffic. They find this a very great advantage economically.

This line of argument brings the views of American designers directly into collision with the recent British trend to use concrete. We have done this partly to save steel, partly to obtain a cleaner job, and partly for the architectural qualities of some of the interesting concrete shapes one can use; but it is true that concrete frames are not generally adaptable to receive heavy loads all over the place, as steel can easily be made to do. The American designers attach so much importance to this that they have almost entirely abandoned concrete, and they now say it is difficult to conceive of a steel shortage so severe as to make it worth while giving up its advantage. Even those familiar with the British position believe this to be the case here.



The works entrance of a modern American factory  
*Gottsch-Schleisner, Jamaica, N.Y.*

eventually find ourselves following the American pattern quite closely in this respect.

But the daylighting is another matter. American designers discarded it because they say it adds ten per cent. to costs, and makes the factory harder to protect against the external climate, without actually doing a job which cannot be done by artificial light, provision for which has to be made anyway. They also say that the only reasonable type of roof lighting is the high-bay low-bay arrangement, because it throws

light on both sides of everything, but being unavoidably inefficient so far as the amount of light is concerned, they cannot avoid using artificial light. We would not accept all these assertions at full American values, but we would have to accept some, and could not, I think, entirely deny any of them. Our defence of overhead daylighting here is mainly on two grounds. One is that it saves fuel—which may be so, but remains, I think, to be proved—and the other is that it



The new, windowless factory of the Lincoln Electric Company of Cleveland, Ohio

*Architectural Forum*



provides a link with the outer world which everyone needs. This is usually believed to be an unassailable argument, but it seems to me to be rather vulnerable. For example, we do not necessarily criticise working conditions in multi-storey factories nor do we worry very much about departmental stores, although these are to all intents and purposes windowless. And in any case we cannot honestly claim to value roof lighting very much when we leave it as dirty as most of it is. All in all, therefore, it is a very difficult set of arguments from which to draw a firm conclusion; possibly the best defence of daylighting is that when it is done really well, the light is uniquely pleasant.

Windows in the walls are still esteemed by American designers, but not for daylighting; it is the view which is valued, and experience shows that it plays a very useful part in relieving artificiality even for men working two or three hundred feet away from any wall.

### Fluorescent Lighting

As for their artificial light, it is fluorescent, and there is plenty of it. Their general practice is to provide a uniform level of about forty-foot candles everywhere, without adjusting the amount in any way to the visual difficulty of the work. This, of course, is another factor contributing to easy adaptability. But the quality of lighting was a disappointment, for their generosity with downward light was at the expense of upward light, so that ceilings were left in darkness. This always leads to glare and gloom which is dispiriting. Their colouring in factories was a disappointment, also; it was chiefly in grey and one or two tones of grey-green, perhaps relieved by a little cream. There was no colourfulness as we are beginning to know it here.

The fact that the Americans are concentrating on a single type of solution is greatly simplifying and cheapening their design, for they can standardise it to a far larger extent than we. They can buy their roof trusses 'off the peg' for instance, and modify their air conditioning easily with standard components. The result of all this—together with good will and energy—is that their construction times are reduced now to a normal four and a half months or so, and this applies to almost any size of factory.

As I visited successive plants, I became increasingly aware that the entrance lobbies shared certain characteristics. They were much of a size, twenty-five or thirty feet square, and high in proportion. They had good, often magnificent floors, good modern carpets and furniture, attractive indoor plants, and so on. At a strategic point there was always an efficient and presentable receptionist in firm control of everything. In my innocence I presumed all this was to impress the visitor, and no doubt this is often the main intention, but not always so. As you probably know, it is quite a common practice in America to have one entrance only for management, personnel, and visitors alike, and where this is the case it has been noticed that a fine entrance had a very good effect on factory housekeeping. The point is that it is difficult for the men to cross a well-designed room of this size—the size is too big to ignore—and to walk over a fine floor, and pass the receptionist as well, without feeling that such things as dirty shoes, dirty clothing, and rough behaviour are out of place. This has its effect inside the factory, and there is evidence from some firms that it has a good effect on conditions at home, as well. There is nothing surprising about this, of course, for we know it is happening on this side of the water, too. We are told that it is the case in some new steel mills in Lincolnshire which Frederick Gibberd designed, and something of the same sort has happened at some modernised woollen mills in Yorkshire where attractive colour was one of the main factors in success. I have not seen a British entrance fully developed in the American manner, however, except at Bryn Mawr by the Architects' Co-operative Partnership; and I do not recall a receptionist there. I suspect her of being an important element.

I found some of the individual factories of exceptional interest. One which appealed to me in a historical way was the Simonds Saw factory near Boston, laid out in 1929, just before the great depression. This was the first deliberate, truly windowless plant, with completely artificial indoor climate. The firm itself had been in business for over a century and had simply come to the conclusion that this would be the right way to provide better working conditions and better products. The factory is now more than twenty years old, and looked in every way as good as new despite the fact that they had a great deal of dirty work to do. There was no doubt in my mind after seeing this that the American thesis is capable of producing a building which will give good working conditions for at least forty years, or perhaps fifty. This was the building which actually initiated the flow of these flat-

roofed, simplified buildings which now form the main stream of American factory design.

I came across later, in Cleveland, another almost new truly windowless plant by the same designers, for a firm making welding machinery. This building has much the same character as the other but is remarkable for the way the factory and the organisation of the firm were dovetailed to reduce the costs of production. The production lines run in a simple grid from one side of the factory, where stock comes in, to the other side, where finished goods go out, and the stock itself is held, without stock-keepers, between production lines, every man being his own stock-keeper. This stock holding is one of many examples of unusual internal economy and efficiency in this firm which the architect and owner worked out together for this building. The result has so reduced overhead costs and so increased productivity that the average wage equivalent for men on the floor for the year before last was over \$6,000, which represents a living standard here of £1,200 or more a year. This was twice the average wage for that industry as a whole.

This organisation was fascinating, but no more so than the new foundry which one of the motor-car firms is building in Cleveland. In foundries, dirt is the problem. I have never believed it was insuperable, but it obviously needs a comprehensive treatment to deal with it. This company has decided that the time has come to make foundry work a white-collar job, and the result is magnificent: 4,000 men can turn out castings for 4,000 engines a day and go home at night as if they had done nothing but dictate letters. The incoming air is entirely filtered—2,500,000 cubic feet of it a minute. Materials are all handled automatically under cover, and so is moulding and filling and that dustiest of all processes, the knocking out. This plant has, of course, taken more than the usual time to install; the period is nearer two years than the two or three months they often manage; but the plant is exceedingly complex. Nevertheless the envelope, the plan and structure, was pretty much the standard sort I have been describing.

I saw another new development in one of the major electrical firms in which they are splitting their organisation up into four 20,000-man parts, each in a park of its own in a different city. Each park has nine buildings, one for sales, one for management, a hospital, five production units which are expandable, and one warehouse, half a mile long. This reflects the large-scale commercial organisation which the Americans increasingly enjoy building and running, and which seems likely to be a source of tremendous power to them in the future. These units lie in entirely different parts of the States and again demonstrate the adaptability of the buildings—this time to a great climatic range. In fact, they should work as well in the tropics as in the sub-arctic.

I have tried to give a reasonable outline picture of modern American factory design, but I have not had time to describe, for instance, the three or four huge, specialist architect-engineer design firms to whom the idea and its refinement is mainly due; nor have I mentioned how the clients help their designers with expert briefs. But these are less important than the main idea—the principle of adaptability. This is the key to their economical provision of good working conditions, and a major factor in giving America the utmost return from her capital outlay for both buildings and plant.—*Third Programme*

Handsomely gilded with a gold which leaves, as it should, a memorable dust upon the fingers, *The Burlington Magazine* celebrates, with this month's number, its fiftieth anniversary. Ever since its foundation in March 1903, *The Burlington* has always been served by the best taste and scholarship of the time. Sidney Colvin, Herbert Cook, Campbell Dodgson, Herbert Horne (who designed the original cover), Charles Eliot Norton, Roger Fry, Bernard Berenson are a few of the distinguished names that have figured upon its Advisory Board, and a glance at the list of its editors, from first to last (Fry again with Lionel Cust, More Adey, Herbert Read, A. C. Sewter, and Tancred Borenius are among them) is sufficient guarantee that the character of the magazine has never been narrow, insular, or pedantic. On the contrary it has always been on the spot, wherever that might be, in the past or the present, in art itself or the politics of art, always learned, discriminating, unprejudiced and progressive. In an interesting editorial to this anniversary issue, Mr. Benedict Nicolson, the present editor, outlines the history of *The Burlington*, its trials and its achievements. In spite of the financial difficulties which have continually beset it, even in its heyday, and the far acuter and graver economic pressures of today, *The Burlington* has never, he writes, 'betrayed the ideals to which it owed its existence'. The present number provides articles on 'Michelangelo and Leonardo' by Johannes Wilde, 'Colonel Gillum and the Pre-Raphaelites' by Nikolaus Pevsner, and 'François Boucher's Early Development' by Hermann Voss.



# What is a 'Democratic Education'?—III

By ERIC JAMES

**I**N my last two talks\* I discussed some of the educational problems that arise from the democratic belief in the liberty of the individual. I want now to say something about another element that is often present in the idea of democracy, I mean a belief in equality. The notion of equality is itself far from simple. 'From misunderstandings of it', said Lord Bryce, 'have sprung half the errors which democratic practice has committed'. It is easy to maintain that there is indeed an essential contradiction in a philosophy that tries to promote liberty and equality simultaneously. That was the view, for example, of the great historian Acton. But the fact remains that in the complicated tangle of ideas that we call 'democratic' a belief in some kind of equality usually finds a place. And it is certainly true that in some of its possible interpretations the idea of equality has led to a great deal of striking educational progress.

The most obvious way in which a belief in equality has affected education is in the sense of equality of opportunity and a career open to the talents. Here, indeed, education has been the main instrument of an immense social change, the scope of which many of us have scarcely yet begun to grasp. Fifty years ago it was very unusual for a really poor boy to go to a university. It could happen only by a not very common coincidence of really considerable ability and good fortune. Today our universities, enormously expanded though they are, are three-quarters filled with men and women who are supported by public money. There has been a revolutionary equalisation of opportunity here, and it is a change the importance of which we must never minimise or forget.

## The Selection Examination at Eleven

Consider another example, at the other end of the educational scale—I mean the selection examination at eleven. I suppose no feature of our educational system has been more strongly criticised. Yet many of those who are most bitterly opposed to it do not seem to realise that some such selection is almost inevitable if we believe in equality of opportunity. If we decide to open the doors of our grammar schools not to those who are simply able to pay but to those who are most fitted for that kind of education, then there must be selection. Even the much-abused intelligence test represents an attempt to diagnose the innate potentialities of the child, and to counteract the inequalities that arise from different standards of primary teaching and home background. Again, it is the idea that humane man must attempt to repair the inequalities of an amoral or unjust natural order that leads us to provide what opportunities we can for those children who are handicapped in various ways.

All these advances spring from the idea that when birth or environment weight the scales of opportunity against an individual, then we must throw the resources and the skill and the humanity of the community into the balance to make it swing as evenly as we can. To some extent, of course, such efforts arise from feelings of benevolence that are as old as civilisation itself; but even these feelings are forerunners of our more explicit democratic ideas, in so far as they are signs of a recognition that all human beings have individual worth. But, in any case, it is obvious enough that many of our greatest educational changes arise from the belief that a community, if it is to be worthy of the name democratic, must provide as great a measure of equality of opportunity as it can for all its citizens. Personally, I accept this belief as profoundly true. But even if we are not convinced on moral grounds, the economic needs of the community force us to accept it on those of expediency. We are not so rich in those talents which alone can save us that we can afford to lose them by denying them the opportunities to flourish.

There is, however, another interpretation of the word equality that seems to be increasingly present in the minds of those who speak of a democratic education. This takes the view that all men are equal, or at any rate tries to minimise the differences between them. In some very important ways, of course, we normally regard men as equals—as voters, or before the law, or as consumers of rationed goods, for

example. But the equalitarianism I am discussing is a good deal more far-reaching than that, and it is important to ask what are its educational results. Some of the changes that it suggests are minor enough. Although it cannot be maintained for long that individuals are all equal in their endowments, we can, at any rate, try not to draw attention to their differences. We can, for example, abolish marks and prizes and competitions in our schools. If we want to establish a society which is based on co-operation between equals rather than competition, then we must begin in the school, so runs the argument.

## Competitive Nature of Children

I think that there is much to be said for this, but we must be honest and admit that it involves a good deal of authoritarianism to make the children see it. They are, in fact, extremely competitive, and in order to wean them away from such behaviour we shall have to violate the extreme doctrines of liberty to which equalitarians are usually wedded. Actually, the further we go along the road of equalitarianism in education the harder we find it to have regard for the democratic emphasis on the individual. Whereas equalitarianism bids us treat all individuals in the same way, as far as we can, a belief in individuality demands that we concentrate on precisely those differences which distinguish one person from another. Whereas the equalitarian forbids us to separate children into fast and slow streams, the individualist commands us to do so, so that the individual child may receive an education more nearly fitted to his particular needs. Most important of all, however, those who believe that this interpretation of equality is an essential element in democracy, regard it as undemocratic to separate children at eleven into different kinds of schools. Here, they maintain, are sown the seeds of future inequalities; here in childhood is the beginning of a class division that will disrupt the unity of democratic life. Let all children, then, be educated in one common secondary school, so that we may emphasise the likeness of all men, rather than their differences. And today the comprehensive school is increasingly held up as the pattern of democratic education. For as long as we have different kinds of secondary schools, there will be differences in prestige, and the principles of equality will be violated.

It is not my purpose here to discuss the idea of the comprehensive school at length. I should find it impossible to do so impartially, for I must admit frankly that I am utterly opposed to the whole conception. All I want to do is to show the relationship between this kind of organisation of our education and democratic ideas. And without unfairness I think it can be said that the comprehensive school sacrifices the individual in the interest of equality and social homogeneity. I say this, for it can be shown by very simple arithmetic that neither the pace nor the content of the education in such a school can be adapted to the needs of each boy and girl as well as in a selective school. In many ways it would be the ablest who would suffer most in this way, but the education of all would be affected.

## Contradictory Elements in Democratic Idealism

Here we have a contradiction between two elements in democratic idealism as it is often understood. A belief in equalitarianism is incompatible with a concern for the needs of the individual, and also with a belief in equality of opportunity. We must make our choice. Actually I do not believe that the dilemma is as great as it appears at first. In so far as a democratic society involves the mixture of social classes, I know from my own experience that we can and do attain it in selective schools, provided that selection is a matter of merit alone. Many of our grammar schools are, in fact, essentially democratic in that they include children from as many social levels as any comprehensive school could do, yet by reason of their selective character they can better enable the individual needs of the child to be met.

But a belief in equality of opportunity does raise a genuine problem for democracy. For in the idea of a career that is really open to talent, do we not see the emergence of new class divisions in society? Hitherto we have had social strata that rested upon birth or on wealth. As our



selection becomes more efficient, however, as we become better at spotting merit at any stage and giving it the authority it deserves, shall we not in fact find ourselves with a new kind of class structure? It is a half-realised fear of this that inspires not only a belief in the comprehensive school but also a good deal of the resentment about selection tests. This is, I think, one of the most difficult problems that faces a society that creates a genuinely democratic educational system. Actually it is probably more acute in theory than it will be in practice, particularly as we shall approach it gradually. Its impact will be lessened, too, by the growth of economic equality. But in any case we must be honest about it: either we want a society that is based on a recognition of merit, or we do not. It is no solution to suggest systems which in the name of democracy deny legitimate opportunities to the individual child.

A belief in equality has still deeper and more far-reaching effects on education than those that we have discussed so far. Because some people have gifts that are denied to others, the thorough-going equalitarian will be disposed to say that they are not important. In the school we shall tend to equate the value of subjects, to say that it is just as important to be able to make raffia mats or mend a fuse as to write Greek verse or do higher mathematics. Is it? That question is an important one for a democracy to answer, for the dangers of what may be called cultural equalitarianism are very real. In so far as it equates in value the experiences enjoyed by different kinds of people such a philosophy deprives education and hence society itself of its standards of value. In an equalitarian society one man's judgment is theoretically as good as another's. But do we think that the papers with the largest

circulations are as good as some of those with smaller ones, or that the radio programmes with the largest listening figures are really the best programmes? We may enjoy them most, but can we honestly say that they are the best? Above all, when we said that the function of education was to develop the best in each person, what did we mean?

The truth is, we must introduce the idea of quality into our judgment of experience. The equalitarian, in so far as he maintains that one man's taste is as good as another's, is wrong. In questions of value, the counting of heads, the equal estimation of talents is not the way to truth. It is the highest duty of our schools and universities to maintain standards of judgment that are not necessarily those of the majority. They are derived from the great tradition of culture, that rests on the vision of the few best and wisest and most sensitive of men. And unless democracy learns to listen to that tradition it is doomed to mediocrity and decay. It is because the equalitarian is reluctant to concede this that his educational influence is often dangerous. If by equality we mean the principle that every individual shall have the opportunity of sharing in the best things of life, we may indeed proclaim it as a principle that must inspire a really democratic education.

It is a principle that has already led to immense progress: it will lead to much more. But they must really be the best things for which our education stands: we must not lower our standards or debase our currency of values to make them generally acceptable. The heritage of knowledge, of experience, of discrimination that education seeks to pass on must never be mortgaged in the name of a false equality or it will not be worth transmitting.—*North of England Home Service*

## Myth or Legend?—IV

# The Flood

By SIR LEONARD WOOLLEY .

THESE can be few stories more familiar to us than that of the Flood. The word 'antediluvian' has passed into common speech, and Noah's Ark is still one of the favourite toys of the children's nursery.

The Book of Genesis tells us how the wickedness of man was such that God repented Him that He had made man upon the earth, and decided to destroy all flesh; but Noah, being the one righteous man, found grace in the eyes of the Lord. So Noah was bidden by God to build an ark, and in due time he and all his family went in, with all the beasts and the fowls of the air, going in two by two; and the doors of the ark were shut and the rain was upon the earth for forty days and forty nights, and the floods prevailed exceedingly and the earth was covered, and all flesh that moved upon the earth died, and Noah only remained alive and they that were with him in the ark. And then the floods abated. Noah sent out a raven and a dove, and at last the dove brought him back an olive leaf, proof that the dry land had appeared. And they all went forth out of the ark, and Noah built an altar and offered sacrifice, and the Lord smelt a sweet savour and promised that never again would he smite everything living, as He had done; and God set His bow in the clouds as a token of the covenant that there should not any more be a flood to destroy the earth.

For many centuries, indeed until only a few generations ago, the story of Noah was accepted as a historical fact; it was part of the Bible, it was the inspired Word of God, and therefore every word of it must be true. To deny the story was to deny the Christian faith.

Then two things happened. On the one hand scholars, examining the Hebrew text of Genesis, discovered that it was a composite narrative. There had been two versions of the Flood story which differed in certain small respects, and these two had been skilfully combined into one by the Jewish scribes 400 or 500 years before the time of Christ, when they edited the sacred books of their people and gave to them the form which they have today. That discovery shook the faith of many old-fashioned believers, or was indignantly denied by them; they said that it was an attack on the Divine Word. Really, of course, it was nothing of the sort. Genesis is a historical book, and the writer of history does not weave the matter out of his imagination; he consults older authorities of every sort and quotes them as freely and as often

as may be. The older authorities are, and the more his account embodies theirs, the more reason we have to trust what he writes; if it be insisted that his writings are divinely inspired, the answer is that 'inspiration' consists not in dispensing with original sources but in making the right use of them. The alarm felt by the orthodox when confronted with the discoveries of scholarship was a false alarm.

The second shock came when from the ruins of the ancient cities of Mesopotamia archaeologists unearthed clay tablets on which was written another version of the Flood story—the Sumerian version. According to that, mankind had grown wicked and the gods in council decided to destroy the human race which they had made. But one of the gods happened to be a good friend of one mortal man, so he went down and warned him of what was to happen and counselled him to build an ark. And the man did so; and he took on board all his family, and his domestic animals, and shut the door, and the rain fell and the floods rose and covered all the earth. At last the storms abated and the ark ran aground, and the man sent out a dove and a swallow and a raven, and finally came forth from the ark and built an altar and did sacrifice, and the gods (who had had no food since the Flood started and were terribly hungry) 'came round the altar like flies', and the rainbow is set in the clouds as a warrant that never again will the gods destroy all men by water.

It is clear that this is the same story as we have in Genesis. But the Sumerian account was actually written before the time of Moses (whom some people had, without reason, thought to be the author of Genesis) and not only that, but before the time of Abraham. Therefore the Flood story was not by origin a Hebrew story at all but had been taken over by the Hebrews from the idolatrous folk of Babylonia; it was a pagan legend, so why should we for a moment suppose that it was true? All sorts of attempts were made to show that the Bible story was independent, or was the older of the two, but all the attempts were in vain, and to some it seemed as if the battle for the Old Testament had been lost.

Once more, it was a false alarm. Nobody had ever supposed that the Flood had affected only the Hebrew people; other people had suffered by it, and a disaster of such magnitude was bound to be remembered in their traditions; in so far as the Sumerian legend was closer in time to the event it might be said to strengthen rather than to



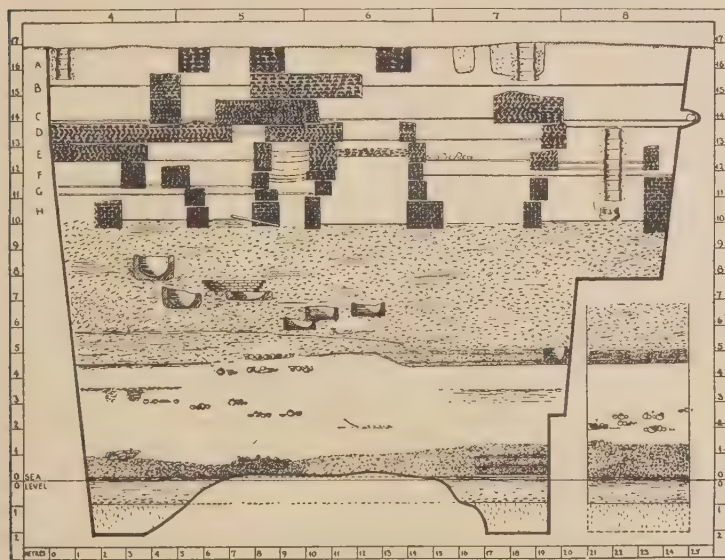
weaken the case for the biblical version. But it could well be asked, 'Why should we believe a Sumerian legend which is, on the face of it, a fantastic piece of pagan mythology?' It is perfectly true that the Sumerian Flood story is a religious poem. It reflects the religious beliefs of a pagan people just as the biblical story reflects the religious beliefs of the Hebrews; and we cannot accept the Sumerian religion as true. Also, it is a poem, and everybody knows what poets are! Shakespeare certainly did:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth  
to heaven,  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy  
nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

But the legend does not stand alone. Sober Sumerian historians wrote down a sort of skeleton of their country's history in the form of a list of its kings (like our 'William I, 1066', and all that); starting at the very beginning there is a series of perhaps fabulous rulers, and, they say: 'Then came the Flood. And after the Flood kingship again descended from heaven'; and they speak of a dynasty of kings who established themselves in the city of Kish, and next of a dynasty whose capital was Erech. Here, at least, we are upon historic ground,



'And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord . . . and offered burnt offerings on the altar': a German artist's conception of the scene after the Deluge, as recorded in the Book of Genesis



Sectional drawing of the sixty-four-foot pit dug at Ur during the excavations conducted by Sir Leonard Woolley, showing the stratification down to and below the deposit left by the Flood. Right: painted clay pots of the period of the Flood, found at Ur

for archaeological excavation in modern times has recovered the material civilisation of those ancient days when Erech was indeed the chief city of Mesopotamia. The old historians were sure that not long before these days the course of their country's history had been interrupted by a great flood. If they were right, it does not, of course, mean that the Flood legend is correct in all its details, but it does at least give it a basis of fact.

In the year 1929, when we had been digging at Ur the famous 'royal graves' with their extraordinary treasures, which can be dated to something like 2800 B.C., I determined to test still lower levels so as to get an idea of what might be found by digging yet deeper. We sank a small shaft below the stratum of soil in which the graves lay,

and went down through the mixed rubbish that is characteristic of an old inhabited site—a mixture of decomposed mud brick, ashes, and broken pottery, very much like what we had been finding higher up. Then suddenly it all stopped: there were no more potsherds, no ashes, only clean, water-laid mud, and the workman in the shaft told me that he had reached virgin soil; there was nothing more to be found, and he had better go elsewhere.

I got down and looked at the evidence and agreed with him; but then I took my levels and found that 'virgin soil' was not nearly as deep down as I expected. That upset a favourite theory of mine, and I hate having my theories upset except on the very best of evidence, so I told him to get back and go on digging. Most unwillingly he did so, turning up nothing but clean soil that contained no sign of human activity; he worked down through eight feet of it and then, suddenly, flint implements appeared and sherds of painted pottery which, we were fairly sure, was the earliest pottery made in southern Mesopotamia. I was convinced of what it meant, but I wanted to see whether others would arrive at the same conclusion. I brought up two of my staff and, after pointing out the facts, asked for their conclusions. They did not know what to say. My wife came along and looked and was asked the same question, and she turned away, remarking quite casually: 'Well, of course, it's the Flood'.





So it was. But one could scarcely argue for the Deluge on the strength of a shaft a yard square; so the next season I marked out on the low ground where the graves had been a rectangle some seventy-five feet by sixty, and there dug a huge pit which went down, in the end, for sixty-four feet. The level at which we started had been the ground surface about 2800 B.C. Almost immediately we came on the ruins of houses slightly older than that; we cleared them away and found more houses below them. In the first twenty feet we dug through no fewer than eight sets of houses, each of which had been built over the ruins of the age before. Then the house ruins stopped and we were digging through a solid mass of potsherds wherein, at different levels, were the kilns in which the pots had been fired; the sherds represented those pots which went wrong in the firing and, having no commercial value, had been smashed by the potter and the bits left lying until they were so heaped up that the kilns were buried and new kilns had to be built. It was a vase-factory which was running for so long a time that by the stratified sherds we could trace the course of history: near the bottom came the wares in use when Erech was the royal city, and at the very bottom was the painted ware of the land's earliest immigrants. And then came the clean, water-laid mud, eleven feet of it, mud which on analysis proved to be the silt brought down by the river Euphrates from its upper reaches hundreds of miles away; and under the silt, based on what really was virgin soil, the ruins of the houses that had been overwhelmed by the flood and buried deep beneath the mud carried by its waters.

This was the evidence we needed; a flood of a magnitude unparalleled in any later phase of Mesopotamian history; and since, as the pottery proved, it had taken place some little while before the time of the Erech dynasty, this was the Flood of the Sumerian king-lists and that of the Sumerian legend and that of Genesis.

We have proved that the Flood really happened; but that does not mean that all the details of the Flood legend are true—we did not find Noah and we did not find his ark! But take a few details. The Sumerian version says (this is not mentioned in Genesis) that antediluvian man lived in huts made of reeds; under the Flood deposit we found the wreckage of reed huts. Noah built his ark of light wood and bitumen. Just on top of the Flood deposit we found a big lump of bitumen, bearing the imprint of the basket in which it had been carried, just as I have myself seen the crude bitumen from the pits of Hit on the middle Euphrates being put in baskets for export downstream. I reckoned that to throw up an eleven-foot pile of silt against the mound on which the primitive town of Ur stood the water would have to be at least twenty-five feet deep; the account in Genesis says that the depth of the flood water was fifteen cubits, which is roughly twenty-six feet. 'Twenty-six feet?' you may say, 'that's not much of a flood!' Lower Mesopotamia is so flat and low-lying that a flood having that depth at Ur would spread over an area 300 miles long and 100 miles wide.

Noah's Flood was not a universal deluge; it was a vast flood in the valley of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. It drowned the whole of the habitable land between the eastern and the western deserts; for the people who lived there that was all the world. It wiped out the villages and exterminated their inhabitants, and although some of the towns set upon mounds survived it was but a scanty and dispirited remnant of the nation that watched the waters recede at last. No wonder that they saw in this disaster the gods' punishment of a sinful generation and described it as such in a great religious poem; and if, as may well have been the case, one household managed to escape by boat from the drowned lowlands, the head of that house would naturally be made the hero of the saga.—*Home Service*

## The Churches and Racial Tensions

By the Rt. Rev. G. K. A. BELL, Bishop of Chichester

**W**HY doesn't the Church speak out about race?' I was asked this question three years ago on my first visit to India. My questioner was Raja Maharaj Singh, then Governor of Bombay, and a leading Christian. He had been educated at Harrow and Balliol and knew England very well. He had served under the British Government for forty years, and from 1932-1935 was Agent-General for India in the Union of South Africa. He was, therefore, a man with exceptional opportunities for studying racial tensions at close quarters. I told him some of the things which the Churches had already said, taking the utterances of Anglican Bishops at Lambeth Conferences as an example. But he was eager for more; for, 'mark my words', he said, 'the racial question is *the* question of the next twenty years'.

The next time I saw Raja Maharaj Singh was this January, when we were both delegates to the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches in Lucknow. It was a particularly fitting occasion for showing how the Churches regard the race question, and can (if they wish) speak out. For the Central Committee of the World Council is a body which is much more representative than any other of Christian opinion in the Protestant, Anglican, and Orthodox Churches in all parts of the world (outside Russia). It was meeting in Asia for the first time since the formation of the Council itself five years ago. Rightly, the racial question claimed our attention in a special way. There is a world of difference between discussing race relations in a European capital and in an Indian city. We had only to look out of our windows to see the contrasts between primitive and advanced civilisations in Lucknow itself. The rickshaw and the Rolls Royce went along at their different paces just outside our gates, with the sacred cows walking in the full stream of the traffic quite undisturbed. Not far from the hawkers offering their wares on the pavement in the old traditional way stood the last word in modern shops and the offices of air lines.

The Prime Minister of India, Mr. Nehru, who visited us, and the Asian delegates to the committee itself, emphasised again and again the violence of the disturbances caused by the industrial and technological revolution that is going on, and the big differences made in

the past few years by the withdrawal of European governments from many Asian countries. Mr. Nehru spoke also of Korea and of the part India had played in seeking a truce. But, when he came to the question of racial relations, it was significant that he turned first to Africa. 'Take the situation in Africa', he said, 'which is an alarming situation from the long-distance point of view. I am intensely interested, because I feel that Africa is to be a very important question in the near future; and very important, basically and on principle, is the problem of racial equality. In the world of today it is quite impossible for any country to carry on on the basis of racial inequality'. Mr. Nehru praised the steps which the British Government has taken in West Africa, in Nigeria, as being very much in advance of steps taken in other parts of Africa. He also prophesied that, within the life-time of the youngest delegates to our committee—that is by about A.D. 2000—the whole of Africa would be ruled by Africans.

The World Council needed no special encouragement to take the African situation seriously. As a result of previous decisions, the General Secretary, Dr. Visser 't Hooft, had spent six weeks last year visiting South Africa, and at Lucknow we had his report before us. He had gone at the special request of the South African Churches to discuss with them problems of common concern, of which the question of the Christian attitude to the racial situation was the most urgent. He had been able to consult representatives of all the main sections of South African life, both black and white.

In Africa the impact of the technological revolution on relatively primitive surroundings is even more apparent than in India. The great change began with the discovery of diamonds and gold, and the resulting demand for cheap labour. Side by side with this the native reserves failed to provide sufficient food for their inhabitants. Thus it has come about that hundreds of thousands of Africans, living in primitive rural conditions, are being drawn away from their homes, their families, their traditions, to the towns. The segregation to which these black workers are subjected is called *apartheid*. There are very different conceptions of what *apartheid* means, but they all involve discrimination. You have a caste society, composed of a white minority on one



side, over against an increasingly resentful black proletariat. The situation is exceedingly complex. The interests and outlooks of the two sections of the white people themselves do not coincide. There are markedly different trends of theological thought in the Dutch Reformed Churches—some actually finding support in the Bible for their racial doctrine and others not going quite so far as that. All these differences of opinion were reflected in Dr. 't Hooft's report to the committee, but he was most emphatic about his impressions on one point. Bantu leaders, he told us, show a complete lack of confidence in the intentions of the white political leaders of all parties, and a corresponding lack of interest in the issues about which the parties are fighting. 'It seems to me', he said, 'that this psychological fact that the Africans are not given any tangible reason to hope for an increase of their civic rights is extremely serious. For it is almost inevitable that they come to the conclusion that they will never get such rights, except through some form of resistance. And—given the background and character of the Bantu—it is most doubtful that such resistance will be or remain merely passive'.

So Dr. 't Hooft underlines the responsibilities of the Churches in this critical situation. 'The key', he said, 'is with the Afrikaaner Churches'. The Church moulds the framework of the country, but, as he put it, owing to the historical co-operation between Church and nation in South Africa, the Church is far too much inclined to support uncritically the decisions and policies of the Afrikaan political leaders. . . And he met the argument that in the serious state of affairs it would be irresponsible to take a critical attitude to the government by asking: 'Is it not precisely in moments when grave decisions must be made that the Church has to raise its voice of warning?'

The discussion of this report at Lucknow was of extraordinary interest, because those taking part in it represented different Churches in nearly all quarters of the world. Raja Maharaj Singh, who had asked me three years ago, 'Why doesn't the Church speak out?', congratulated Dr. 't Hooft on his report. The two American Negro delegates, Bishop Walls and Dr. Mays, both agreed, and the latter appealed to the World Council to make it plain that in its view any kind of *apartheid* was inconsistent with Christianity. Pastor Boegner of France, referring to his own recent visit to South Africa, thought the situation there was catastrophic. Bishop Lilje of Germany, who had also visited South Africa, spoke of the bitter complaints which Dr. Malan had made to him personally of misrepresentations in Europe. Delegates from Britain, the United States, and different parts of Asia, all expressed the deep concern of their fellow-Christians about this question. Indeed there was a remarkable unanimity in the whole debate—a sense of the

seriousness of the issues involved, and of the supreme importance of the race question for the peace of the world. At the same time it was realised that it was vital to try to understand other people's convictions, to face all the complex facts of the situation in which racial tension is most serious, and to promote frank conversation between Christians who take different views of racial problems.

The results of the discussions on the Central Committee were three-fold. We invited the South African Churches to take a full share in the Commission on Race Relations set up in preparation for the second assembly of the World Council next year in the United States. Secondly, we expressed our strong conviction that the first and foremost contribution which the Churches everywhere can, and must, make to the solution of the race problem is to see that no racial divisions prevail in their own life. We also declared that all forms of political, social, and economic discrimination based on the grounds of race, wherever they may exist, are contrary to the Will of God as expressed in the Christian Gospel, and we called upon the member Churches to do all in their power to bring such discrimination to an end.

What results can be expected from Resolutions of this kind adopted by the World Council? They should have an important effect on the thinking of the Churches. They reveal an uneasy conscience, which is growing among Christians and is bound to find increasing expression. So far as South Africa is concerned, the Resolutions will have all the greater influence because they are in line with the steps already taken, since Dr. 't Hooft's visit, for consultation between the English-speaking and Afrikaaner Churches. And, generally, the more frequently it is insisted by responsible Churchmen that there is something radically wrong, not only in the separation of the races in church organisation and worship, but also in discrimination in social intercourse, political responsibility, or rates of pay, on the ground of colour, and not of conduct or culture or ability, the sooner will the practice of the Church and the public in Africa, U.S.A., and elsewhere conform to right standards.

I know that the decisive action in changing laws and regulations must be taken by governments. But there is such a thing as the climate of public opinion, by which governments are affected. Where moral issues are at stake, the Church has a special duty in the formation of this climate. The Resolutions of the Central Committee have their place in this field, and it is because they call the member-Churches to do everything in their power to end all political, social, and economic discriminations based on the ground of race, wherever they may exist, that they are both so timely and so practical today.—*Home Service*

## The Lady with the Heron

I walk athirst  
In a month of rain;  
Drought I learned  
At the feet of a heron.

Green trees, full rivers;  
Athirst I went,  
With a shrieking bird  
In the drawn breath.

At the only spring  
When I went for water  
I met a lady  
And thirst I had none.

I say, at the fountain  
There I met a lady,  
She led a blue heron  
By the beck of her hand.

Moon-wise the owl is,  
The wren not tame,  
But I unlearned patience  
At the feet of a heron.

So deep a water  
As those her eyes  
Kissed I never  
At the lip of April.

Drink, sir, she said,  
Of so sweet water.  
The bird was blind  
That she led by a shadow.

Lady, I said,  
Thirst is no longer.  
But she led my eyes  
By the beck of her hand.

Of her eyes I drank  
And no other water.  
Hope I unlearned  
At the feet of a bird,

And saw no face  
When I bent there;  
Such saw I never  
In other water.

My lips not wet,  
Yet she was gone  
Leading a heron  
By the shade of her hand.

And my eyes thirst  
On the birdless air;  
Blindness I learned  
At the feet of a heron.

W. S. MERWIN



# NEWS DIARY

March 4-10

## Wednesday, March 4

Moscow radio announces that Mr. Stalin has been gravely ill since Sunday

Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler arrive in New York

Western High Commissioners in Germany order break-up of Krupp industrial organisation

## Thursday, March 5

Commons debate Government's White Paper on defence

Anglo-American discussions open in Washington

It is announced that more than 1,700 persons lost their lives in the Dutch floods

## Friday, March 6

Death of Mr. Stalin

Mr. Malenkov is appointed Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the Soviet Union. Mr. Molotov appointed Foreign Minister

President Eisenhower entertains Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler to luncheon

## Saturday, March 7

The first *communiqués* are published about the Anglo-American talks

The Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs publishes a statement about future relations with other countries. Changes in the structure of the Soviet Communist Party are also announced from Moscow

Marshal Tito leaves for visit to Britain

## Sunday, March 8

Twenty-three North Korean prisoners-of-war killed in a riot at prison camp

Australian Labour Party makes gains in two state elections

## Monday, March 9

State funeral of Mr. Stalin takes place in Moscow. A day of national mourning is held throughout Soviet Union

Mr. Eden again sees President Eisenhower  
Member of Kenya Legislative Council arrested

## Tuesday, March 10

Security forces kill eleven members of Mau Mau terrorist gang

Civil estimates provide £1,250,000 for Coronation expenses

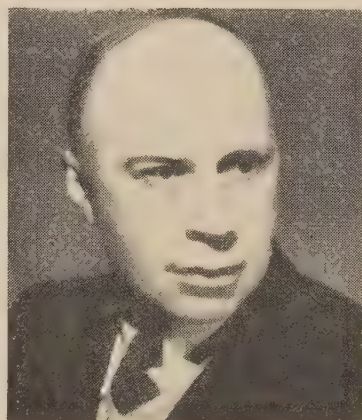
Commons conclude thirteen-hours debate on army estimates



Mr. Georgi Malenkov, who, it was announced from Moscow on March 6, is to succeed Mr. Stalin as Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the Soviet Union. Other appointments include four deputy chairmen: Mr. Beria (also appointed Minister of Internal Affairs); Mr. Molotov (Foreign Minister); Marshal Bulganin, and Mr. Kaganovich. Marshal Voroshilov is appointed President



On March 5 a Russian-built MIG jet fighter was flown to Bornholm, a Baltic island, by a Polish pilot who asked for asylum as a political refugee. The aircraft was shown on Roenne airfield. It is the same make as those used by Communist air forces in Korea and is the first undamaged one of its kind to come into the hands of any North Atlantic Treaty power. The Polish Government has asked the Danish Government against its decision to retain the aircraft pending the outcome of the pilot's asylum case.



Sergei Prokofiev, the Soviet composer, whose death was announced on March 8 aged sixty-two. His works ranged from operas and ballets to symphonies, piano sonatas, and music for films. After a seventeen-year absence abroad, he returned to Russia, but later his work was officially criticised as having 'anti-popular' tendencies







Mourners entering the House of Unions in Moscow last week-end to file past the open coffin of Mr. Stalin as he lay in state for three days after his death on March 6. The queue of people, many from distant parts of the Soviet Union, stretched for ten miles. The funeral took place on March 9 when Mr. Stalin's body was buried beside that of Lenin in the Mausoleum in Red Square



Mr. Eden, who with Mr. Butler, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, visited Washington last week for talks with members of the United States Government, photographed during discussions with President Eisenhower. In a communiqué issued at the close of the talks on Saturday it was stated that agreement had been reached on the tightening of control on shipment of strategic materials to Communist China, and also that the United States supported Britain's final proposals to end the Persian oil dispute. On Monday Mr. Eden left New York to attend the United Nations Assembly



Two wings of a seventeenth-century triptych recently acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, and now on view there. They represent the young son and daughter of an unidentified man and his wife whose portraits are painted on the centre panel

Left: a new acquisition by the National Trust was announced last week: Hugh Close Estate, near Ambleside, Westmorland, a property of 535 acres, most of which is situated in the lower part of the Langdale Valley. It includes the whole of Loughrigg Tarn, a view of which is seen in the photograph on the left



A photograph taken during The Princess Royal's recent tour of the West Indies. Her Royal Highness is seen inspecting members of the Junior Red Cross at Georgetown, British Guiana. After a five-day stay in the colony she visited Barbados. On receiving news of Queen Mary's illness The Princess Royal curtailed her tour and left on her homeward journey on March 5



## Party Political Broadcast

# The Conservative Government's Colonial Policy

By the Rt. Hon. OLIVER LYTTTELTON, D.S.O., M.C., M.P., Secretary of State for the Colonies

**A** WEEK ago Mr. James Griffiths for the Opposition talked about the colonial territories and their peoples, and I propose to do the same. No deep cleavage of principle divides us on colonial matters. Mr. Griffiths stated a number of propositions which I believe are incontestable. But that is not enough. Unhappily, the art of politics does not consist only of knowing what things should be done, but even more of persuading other people to do them. Works, as well as faith, are wanted. Our differences are not upon policies, but are centred chiefly upon methods.

First of all, what is the timing, the rate of advance—political, social, economic—appropriate to the fifty colonial territories with their 70,000,000 people owing allegiance to the Queen? Within these 70,000,000 are almost countless races, and we must first be sure who these people are. Some are Asians—Moslems who have emigrated from what is now Pakistan, Hindus whose home was India, Malays from many parts of south-east Asia, Chinese from the mainland; and, of course, 60,000,000 of the 70,000,000 are Africans living in British Africa.

Again, the word 'African' is apt to be misleading, because there are scores of different races inside Africa. Some of the races which grew up around the Nile have found their way down the east coast of this huge continent, and brought with them, and left behind them, many traces of age-old civilisations. On the other hand, there are tribes in East and Central Africa who, fifty years ago, knew neither the fulcrum nor the wheel. Think what that means. Of the 70,000,000 inhabitants of the colonial territories, 60,000,000 are Africans, and that is why I am going to devote much of my time to talking about Africa tonight.

What is Africa like? The very size of the continent is difficult to grasp. Nigeria alone is four times the size of the British Isles, and there are more than twelve other territories in Africa for which we are responsible. The scene, too, is infinitely varied. I think that if you had your eyes bandaged and were flown to Africa, you would generally recognise it, when the bandages were removed, by the red tinge of its soil, the vast distances of its horizons, and, if it be evening, the riot of colour which the setting sun brings with it through the haze of dust which man and his beasts have raised during their day's work. You might be lucky enough to see the silver of one of the mighty rivers threading its way through the bush, or hear the distant thunder of the Victoria Falls.

Now, what do we want for these 70,000,000 people who, in Africa or elsewhere, are proud with us to owe a common allegiance to the Crown, the bond and symbol of all our unity? Above all, what are our responsibilities, yours and mine? They are certainly great. Without our help, not only is progress unlikely, but there is a real danger that many of these countries would slip back into the darkness from which they have so recently emerged. If we truly understand what great things we as a nation have done for them, we shall not easily underestimate what we still have to do in the future.

In some of the colonies our obligations are formal and rest upon treaties, but in all of them we must be equally faithful in honouring our moral responsibilities. We shall stand before the judgment of history for our acts—and even

more for our omissions, if we are guilty of them. We are the trustees of these peoples.

The aims of colonial policy are not in dispute between the parties. I cannot state them better than in these words: 'The central purpose of British colonial policy is simple. It is to guide the colonial territories to responsible self-government within the Commonwealth'—and it goes on—'in conditions that ensure to the people both a fair standard of living and freedom from aggression from any quarter'. I have quoted these words because I agree with them. But they are not mine; they were written by a Labour Colonial Secretary, Mr. Creech Jones. What he means is: just to grant self-government is not enough. Some hard decisions have got to be made to secure those conditions. Self-government does not always mean good government, and it is our duty to see that, when the Colonial peoples come to govern themselves, they govern well. Amidst a confusion of voices we must seek—and find—the answers to all these questions.

The four essentials without which the very word 'self-government' may become a mockery seem to me to be these. First, the assurance of the Queen's peace, and the protection which it brings to the law-abiding. The first step to progress is peace and order and freedom from fear. Next, we must grow more, to feed, and to feed better, the rising populations which spring from peace. Then, they want more capital to develop natural resources, the training of an artisan class and the application of new skills to new industries. Finally, and above all, leadership and guidance while some of these peoples are changing their simple and primitive life, under tribal systems and laws, and are seeking more modern forms of government. But what we here have built up in 800 years in a largely illiterate society cannot be built in a largely illiterate one in eighty.

Let me discuss these four essentials quite shortly. The Queen's peace. When I came into office I found the running sore of Malaya. The very existence, the very life of that country was in danger. I cannot say tonight that the emergency is over, I cannot tell you that we may relax. But I can say that the forces of evil are contained and compressed, and may soon be crushed. The people of Malaya, in steadily increasing numbers, are being won over to our side, first because they are now protected, and secondly because, despite a near-war, great strides have been made in the last year and a half in education, health and social services, and in the sense of common purpose, and common resistance by all to a common foe.

Again, in Kenya, we are faced by what Mr. Griffiths rightly described as a 'tragic throw-back to barbarism'. It is true that Kenya has many problems to solve in the future—problems of land, of employment, of industry and wages. They cannot be solved until Kenya is at peace. Many here have not yet learned that you cannot fight men armed with long knives if you are yourself armed only with praiseworthy intentions and finely-balanced constitutional instruments. But in suppressing terror we must never lose sight of the more distant goal. We must inflict as few wounds and leave as few scars as we can.

We should remind the world that the very benefits which we have brought to Kenya are the source of some of her present difficulties. We

have stopped tribal warfare, and the tribes have grown. Malaria and smallpox, which used to ravage the country, have been largely conquered by medical science, and the population rises. In parts of Kenya, sixty babies out of every hundred that were born did not in the past reach manhood, but enlightenment has altered this. For all these reasons the population of Kenya will probably double in thirty years—a haunting problem.

This leads me naturally to the growing of food. Those whom we have saved from the arrow and the spear, and from disease, must not in the issue die of starvation. In a word, our task is to bring the fertility of the soil up to the fertility of man.

All over the colonies I pay unstinted praise to the work of our Agricultural Officers. In West Africa there are new schemes for growing rice in Sierra Leone and the Gambia; in East Africa we are breeding new types of cattle, increasing the weight of stock and the yield of dairy cows; everywhere we are teaching the African the benefits of mixed farming and new ways of growing his crops—an endless, fascinating problem. The emphasis must always be upon the peasant, the growing of crops by the villager. The Government's task is to help them with money, machinery, knowledge, research. We shall not fail them.

Next I come to development, to investment and the introduction of capital. Vast sums are needed—for example, to harness the water-power of the rivers and turn it into electricity, to extend the aerodromes, the railways, the roads, and the harbours, so that we can handle the new production which we must and shall obtain.

So far, colonial development has not been held back for lack of money, but it soon will be. Here again the remedy is in our hands. We must try and save enough to invest in these great enterprises. Our imagination and thrift will unlock the door. At the same time, we must encourage foreign capital to help us. We must not sell the birthright of the colonial peoples, but we must bring their resources more quickly into use—food to eat, copper to manufacture, iron ore and manganese to export, and so forth.

Much has been done but much more remains to do. The growing populations already have some industries: they need more, and for these they will want more craftsmen and artisans. We must train them, and here again our help can be decisive.

I have left to the last the most important of my four essentials, leadership and guidance. They take two forms. Everywhere in the colonies, men and women from Britain, as members of the Colonial Service, are working devotedly with the colonial peoples for social, economic, and political progress. In administration, in health, in education, and in many other ways, their help is indispensable and their task inspiring. We can be proud of them and of the great tradition which they have inherited. I have no doubt that our young men and women today still have so lively a sense of service and adventure that they will not falter in helping us to maintain that tradition.

But another, and no less important, kind of leadership is required of us, and I will discuss it shortly against the background of a great political project or experiment for which we are all responsible. I mean the proposed federation



of the three Central African territories, Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, and Nyasaland. But before coming to that, let me remind you that Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia are protectorates—and will remain so under federation. What are the duties and the obligations of a protecting power? I will try and explain by an illustration.

Many of us who have reached middle age have had to make up our minds on the best thing to do for those for whom we are responsible. It may be for our own children, it may be for relations who have been left in our charge, it may be as trustees or guardians. At times we have to do what we think best for them, even though they may think that they know better. It is the same with a protecting power. If you don't accept the doctrine that a protecting power must sometimes act in the way it thinks best, even in the face of opposition, then there is no sense, but rather some dishonesty, in calling yourself a protecting power at all. The motto over the door of some of our political opponents seems to be: 'We are their leaders, provided that we follow them'. It is not over the door of Her Majesty's present Government, nor over the door of the Colonial Office.

The economic advantages of federation are not disputed, but they are not by themselves

the chief reasons which make me a fervent crusader in the cause of federation. I believe that greater issues are at stake. These three territories can by federation be given the opportunity to build an enduring home for the British idea of government, for the British idea of how races should live together; and can show an example of how some of Africa's vast problems, which are no less vast than Africa herself, can be solved by those who have the will and the wisdom and the faith to seek and find the answers.

It is easy for the fearful to ask that federation should be delayed until a greater measure of agreement can be gained. No answer lies there. Federation should have taken place three or four years ago, and I want to tell you this quite frankly—if it were delayed or failed now, it would be a triumph, paradoxically enough, for the small number of extremists amongst both the Africans and the Europeans. The small number of Europeans who believe in a policy of segregating the races, and leaving the white man as the sole ruler of the country, would be encouraged by the failure of federation to pursue this idea. On the other hand, the African extremists who believe that the government of these territories should be only by Africans would triumphantly claim that they

had diverted and deflected the white man from his purpose.

All parties agree that there is no future for a Central Africa entirely dominated by white men, and equally none if it is entirely dominated by black. So do not be led into the error of thinking that this is a struggle between black and white. Nothing of the kind. Those who are in favour of federation are in favour of partnership: those who are against it are really abetting segregation. Those who wish to see federation defeated or deferred are the reactionaries of 1953. Federation is the way of progress. Fail in this responsibility, and you will not be leaving to the Central African the prospect of a brighter future, free of strange customs, strange laws, and strange white faces; you will be leaving to him the certainty that in these countries progress will be slow and hesitant at the best, that at the worst it will be halted.

I state my deep and sincere belief that this is amongst the greatest political questions which have been posed to the British people in this century. Upon its bold, courageous, and enlightened solution depends the whole future of Central Africa for all its peoples. History will condemn us if from political cowardice or expediency we turn aside when duty so clearly points the way.

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Faith, Doubt, and Freedom

Sir,—I regret that, having been abroad, I have only just had the opportunity of reading the letters concerning my talks on 'Faith, Doubt, and Freedom', printed in THE LISTENER on January 22 and 29. I would like, if I may, to add some observations.

The first letter (A. T. Macqueen, THE LISTENER, February 5, p. 223) recalls that the Catholic Church admits of a wide field of discussion. I never denied that. However, even where Catholicism is particularly open-minded, there are some truths which a Catholic cannot deny or even question, without becoming a heretic or leaving the Church. That was the only point relevant to my analysis.

The second letter (John Wilson, February 5, p. 223) has already been answered by the third one (Philip Wilson, February 12, p. 265). Both writers refuse to see in the 'will to understand' the cornerstone of civilisation. The first sees it in the will to eat; the second in the will to live. In my humble opinion both these principles are over-explanatory. They explain not only a way of life according to the Golden Rule, but also a way of life according to the Rule of the Jungle. Now the problem lies exactly in the distinction between the first and the second. If we are asked why a bicycle goes on two wheels, while a car needs four, it is no answer to say that both vehicles roll on wheels.

The fourth letter (Bertrand de Jouvenel, February 19, p. 311) seems to me more interesting in so far as it stresses some of those difficulties of ancient liberalism which I have sought to overcome. Mr. de Jouvenel thinks that, according to my theory, 'I should hold my beliefs cheap, and the beliefs of others dear'. I do not see why. I have only tried to explain that I must never hold my beliefs so dear as to assume that the beliefs of others are cheap and can never become dearer to me than my previous ones. Which implies, of course, that no belief can ever be 'dearer' to me than the belief that I must always try to understand the beliefs of others. That belief is absolute, in the sense that it ex-

clusively rests on my responsibility of choosing understanding instead of not understanding. It offers, therefore, the necessary foundation for any action against every kind of intolerance. In every possible historical situation it entitles me to fight against any mode of behaviour restricting equal opportunities for everybody to make his reasons and his needs understandable. It cannot open the doors of liberalism to any Trojan Horse.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

GUIDO CALOGERO

### Farewell to Europe?

Sir,—Professor Barraclough (THE LISTENER, March 5) might like to be reminded of Henry Adams, the American historian, who wrote in 1899: '... America and Russia. These are the two future centres of power; and of the two, America must get there first. Some day, perhaps a century hence, Russia may swallow even her; but for my lifetime I think I'm safe'. A year later he wrote: 'Europe is done! The hand is played out. We are now playing a new suit, and when I see the stakes I feel my poor old bald head creep with horror at the chances'.

Adams in both his letters and his history had a remarkable independence of mind.—Yours, etc.,

Eton

W. A. BARKER

### Myth or Legend?

Sir,—We are all indebted to Mr. R. F. Treharne's talk on Glastonbury and the Holy Grail (THE LISTENER, March 5). I agree with him that the King Arthur story is a myth, but I think we are on firmer ground relative to the early Church.

France and Spain in 1417 claimed priority to England in Christianity for political reasons, but the Councils of Pisa in 1417 and of Constance and Senna subsequently laid it down that both must give way to Britain in antiquity. They stated that the Church of Britain was founded by Joseph of Arimathea 'immediately after the passion of Christ'.

That the Apostle Philip had converted Gaul

in A.D. 63 sounds very problematical, as it was a Roman province and such a thing would not have been allowed. England, on the other hand, was not subservient to Rome in any way until after Claudius: Caesar's invasions were only raids, nothing else. England was, therefore, the ideal country with its religious toleration in which to start the movement. Also, as Joseph was the uncle of Jesus and must have been nearing, say, twenty-five when Jesus was born, it makes him a man of eighty-eight in A.D. 63, rather old to pioneer.

We must also not dismiss St. Augustine's letter to Pope Gregory in which he says the west of England had been Christian since just after the Crucifixion, and that there existed there a Church founded by Joseph of Arimathea. He also adds the remarkable words 'built by no human hands, but by Christ Himself'.

Domesday Book also refers to Glastonbury as *Domus Dei*—the House of God.

All are agreed that the Wattle Hut was looked upon as the most sacred thing on earth. Surely not just because it happened to be an early church, but because it was wrapped up with the life of Christ. Joseph of Arimathea crossed Europe to found a church, what more likely than that he should choose a tranquil country and, more important still, found it at the spot where Christ had spent years of his life as an inconspicuous hermit preparing for his mission. Joseph, his uncle, was a trader in metals, and, knowing south-west England, knew of his whereabouts about that time.

Here perhaps we have indeed a legend, and a very attractive one.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

BRABAZON OF TARA

Sir,—A curious parallel to the timely discovery of the bodies of Arthur and Guinevere at Glastonbury is the even more politic finding by the Spartans of the bones of Orestes, son of Agamemnon, in the first half of the sixth century B.C.

After her transformation into a military state, Sparta sought to expand her sphere of influence,



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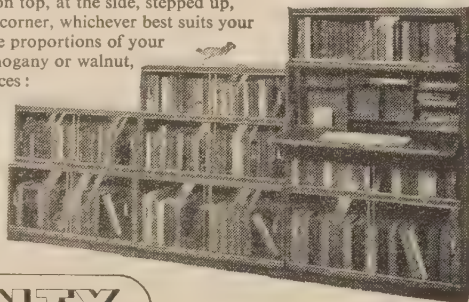
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# Who are the unusual men?

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and embarked on a war with Tegea, one of her northern neighbours. Failing to conquer the Tegeans, the Spartans consulted the Delphic Oracle. They were told that to succeed they must bring home the bones of Orestes, and were given cryptic directions where to find them. During a truce, the Spartan Lichas came across, in Tegea itself, a blacksmith who had recently, while digging a well, unearthed a coffin containing a body seven cubits long. Lichas listened to his story, and, in the words of Herodotus (I.68) 'argued from the oracle that this must be Orestes'. Accordingly the bones were removed to Sparta; the promised success followed, and by mid-century Sparta was the leader of a powerful league of states.

Now the Spartans were Dorians, whose ancestors had invaded the Peloponnese and settled there at the expense of the Achaeans, the original inhabitants, who looked back to the reign of Agamemnon as the golden age of their history (see Professor Page's talk on Troy, *THE LISTENER*, February 26). Thus by taking 'home' to Sparta the bones of Agamemnon's son, the Spartans were claiming themselves as Achaeans and heirs of Agamemnon's empire; a stroke of propaganda which gained them many powerful Achaean allies, including Corinth and Sicyon.

Later the Spartan king Cleomenes could say at Athens 'I am no Dorian, but Achaean'; and by the second century A.D., to complete the picture, the tombs of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra themselves were to be seen at Amyclae, the nearest town to Sparta.

It is amusing to read J. Wells' comment on the Spartan find in the light of its similarity to the Glastonbury one: 'The almost medieval character of the tradition reminds us how far removed from their predecessors and from the mass of their countrymen were the rationalist Athenians of the fifth century and later'. So much for the Englishmen of A.D. 1191!

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2

GEORGE ENGLE

### The Hazard of Modern Poetry

Sir,—In his talk on 'The Hazard of Modern Poetry' (*THE LISTENER*, March 5), Professor Erich Heller alludes to the dispute between Luther and Zwingli over the nature of the Eucharist: are the bread and wine of the Lord's Supper the body and blood of Christ, or are they mere symbols? 'With all his deviations from the traditional dogma', says Professor Heller, 'Luther is the man of the Middle Ages. The word and the sign are for him not merely "pictures of the thought", but the thing itself'.

If Professor Heller ever studies medieval philosophy, he will see that the word and the sign, far from being confused with the things they express, are quite distinct from it, so much so that in order to explain in a philosophically acceptable manner the traditional doctrine of the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist, Thomas Aquinas had to evolve the highly rationalised doctrine of the Transubstantiation, which sets the Eucharist completely apart from any kind of symbol, and calls for the supernatural intervention of God whenever the bread and wine are consecrated. For such a being as Professor Heller's hypothetical medieval man, the Real Presence would have been self-evident, and would have required no explanation.

Having thus set up his straw man (who seems to be a cross between the Golden Bough's Primitive Man and Professor Heller's rather vague memories of the conflict between Realists and Nominalists), our lecturer proceeds to knock him down with gusto (not without failing to establish the difference between the medieval Transubstantiation and Luther's own doctrine of Impanation). 'For Zwingli, steeped in the enlightened thought of the Italian Renaissance,

this is a barbarous absurdity. The sacrament is "merely" a symbol, that is, it symbolically represents what in itself it is not'.

However much Zwingli may have been 'steeped in the enlightened thought of the Italian Renaissance', Professor Heller will grant that the Italians themselves were steeped in it even more thoroughly than Germanic theologians; and yet the religious climax of the Italian Renaissance is not, as we might expect from Professor Heller's statements, a kind of super-Zwinglianism, but the Council of Trent, which consolidated the traditional catholic doctrines. But this does not embarrass Professor Heller in the least; Copernicus, Nietzsche are brought in for good measure, and the result is the enthusiastic build-up of Zwingli as an early champion of 'demythologising'.

In spite of Professor Heller's far-fetched link-ups, it seems difficult to understand what all this has to do with the subject of the talk, which is, so we are told, 'the fortunes of modern poetry'.—Yours, etc.,

MAURICE ATHERTON-LAFRANCE

London, N.21

### 'The Victorian Sage'

Sir,—I should like to thank you for the generous review of my book, *The Victorian Sage*, which appeared in your columns on March 5; but may I briefly clear up one confusion? Your reviewer notices that I refer to purposes of a novelist 'partly independent' of those my book is concerned with, and he identifies these with the novelist's 'aesthetic purpose'. My remark, however, referred to something entirely different: the way in which Disraeli, George Eliot, and Hardy all accommodated their novels to popular taste. To a greater or lesser extent, they all sometimes left their most serious purposes partly in abeyance, so as to pursue a romantic intrigue for a few pages, or write up some picturesque but irrelevant oddity, or marry off the young men and women. This lighter kind of material is in fact mentioned more than once in my book, for there is a good deal of it in the novels of Disraeli and Hardy, and its final contribution is not always what might be expected. That the enquiry conducted in *The Victorian Sage* is connected intimately with the 'aesthetic purpose' of these novelists can be seen from one fact alone: in each case it leads to a re-valuing or re-interpreting, in the normal manner of criticism, of some of their chief works.—Yours, etc.,

Aberdeen

JOHN HOLLOWAY

### Delights of Old Sweets

Sir,—In response to the letter from Mr. Hicks (*THE LISTENER*, February 26), may I say that I also once encountered 'the decorative hen' that laid, not, I regret to say, chocolate eggs but tin ones with sweets inside.

As with Mr. Hicks, the episode was well over fifty years ago and at another seaside resort, Margate. I had been sent there with a nurse and younger brother to recover from whooping cough. It was late winter and the place was deserted. So, too, was the promenade, where there was a row of penny-in-the-slot machines including a 'decorative hen'. Unlike Mr. Hicks, I did secure the clutch, but not through unlimited pennies. With misguided ingenuity I discovered, after certain experiments, that a very thin pair of scissors inserted through the slot and suitably manipulated caused the hen to perform her natural functions. The whole affair, I readily agree, was utterly deplorable; but I still have a high regard for enterprise and research.

Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 31

L. J. CADBURY

### Early Vegetables

Sir,—I was interested to read the comments of Mr. W. Dyke of Roydon (*THE LISTENER*, March 5) about my advice not to apply sulphate of ammonia, superphosphate, sulphate or muriate of potash to the soil at this time of the year.

I must point out that all that I term 'bag' manures are a very expensive item, and we cannot afford to waste even the smallest amount. Growth of seedlings and plants at this time of year, in the Midlands at any rate, is slow and their manurial requirements limited, and a certain amount of the soluble plant foods resulting from application of such manures is bound to be taken into the drainage water before the plants can make use of them.

If the soil has been well prepared in the ordinary way by digging and possibly the addition of manure or garden compost, then manures such as these should be unnecessary until the seedlings and plants get well established, and I am quite certain that greater benefit can be got from these manures by light and frequent application to the growing crops when the soil temperature is higher and root and top growth more active.—Yours, etc.,

Shrewsbury

P. J. THROWER

### Harnessing the Indus

(continued from page 417)

factors came in too: some farmers turned to cash crops, such as cotton, when they were fetching high prices in the boom that followed the Korean war, and inevitably there was some hoarding when the shortage became apparent. The Pakistan Food Minister recently described the situation in the Punjab as 'grim'. 'It has developed', he said, 'because of India's action in drastically curtailing the supply of water in the canals'. But this has been denied in Delhi.

Pakistan's food shortage has coincided with a trade recession which compelled the Government to put drastic restrictions on all imports from abroad in order to save foreign exchange; she has also drawn heavily on her sterling balances in London. This is a big change from the boom of two years ago, when jute and cotton, her main exports, were in great demand and prices reached a record level. At the same time, imports of every description, heavy machinery for development, consumer goods, luxury articles, and cheap Japanese textiles, poured into the country to find a ready market in a young and expanding economy. Since then, stockpiling all over the world has come to an end. In common with other cotton-growing countries, such as Egypt and the United States, Pakistan is having considerable trouble in disposing of her crop at a reasonable price, although she has fared rather better than most.

Despite her virtual monopoly of raw jute, which grows better in east Pakistan than anywhere else, the price has dropped by half. The latest reports show that the better quality jute is selling fairly well, and India has bought more than 1,000,000 bales. From Pakistan's point of view this is a welcome resumption of a trade which has recently languished.

It is an odd coincidence—and, as an official in Karachi told me, a poor consolation—that Pakistan has had bumper crops of cotton and jute at a time when the grain harvest failed. It has led the Government to reduce the acreage of jute this year by about a third, and to grow rice instead. This will help to reduce the heavy carry-over of jute for next year, and provide instead an item of food which is both scarce and in great demand throughout the east. Rice now costs ten times as much as it did before the war.

—General Overseas Service



# Round the London Art Galleries

By GERARD J. R. FRANKL

**M**ESSRS. MATTHIESEN have made a splendid job of their exhibition 'Rembrandt's Influence in the Seventeenth Century'. The walls are bright, the light is good, the hanging pleasant and instructive—*exemplum docet*. From the early days in Leyden to about 1660, pupils have derived streams of excellent painting from single tendencies of Rembrandt's work: Gerard Dou, Lievens, Backer, Bol are admirably represented; the finest picture of this group perhaps being Adriaen van Ostade's landscape (No. 53a) where optical greys are used with magic effect. The Philips de Koninck (No. 40) is uncommonly good and in lovely condition — Koninck landscapes when cleaned often look hard because the dark glazes have inevitably darkened more than the light parts. The Eeckhouts are equally fine: the large 'Betrothal' (use of reflected light), and the 'Slaughtered Pig' where two children play with the crucified animal's bladder while an old woman is busy in the background, near a window. Invention, quality of paint and the subtly expressive finish are of a very high order. I do not think that Rembrandt's latest pupil Aert de Gelder, so often praised for strength and inventiveness, assimilated much more than appearances: 'Wie er sich räuspert und wie er spukt . . .' ('How he clears his throat and spits'). Especially when cleaned his pictures lose much. The brushwork of No. 35, 'Portrait of a Young Man', is sham-powerful and the details are dashed in. The last words of a great master are bound to confuse his contemporaries and his pupils.

The Exhibition of Mexican Art at the Tate is impressively presented; the display work in the Duveen Gallery which has been transformed into a Schinkel *décor* for 'The Magic Flute' is almost too effective. The folk arts, ceramics, masks, textiles, toys, and so on look glorious under a canopy of little flags; the fog outside is forgotten, and the typical colours blaze: a peculiar, very cold pink, muted ochres, an electric blue, purples. The same colours appear in Rufino Tamayo's paintings which are most accomplished in the Parisian sense. But the many political etchings, linos, and lithographs by other artists, so obviously based on reality, half-way between Images d'Epinal and Goya, have a stronger presence. And there is also Rivera's 'Benito Juarez, 1948', a portrait of the 'Big Brother' type, with an execution scene in the left background and peaceful ploughing shown on the right. Even more brutal in spirit and technique are Siquieros' and Orozco's proxelene paintings. Proxelene, like polyvinyl acetate which is used by some American artists, is a plastic which 'will never change'—a terrifying prospect. Photographs of Rivera's and Orozco's frescoes look full of contemporary life and strong drawing; here their strength finds its best expression.

The exhibition of drawings by the Polish painter Tadeusz Kulsiwicz at the A.I.A. Gallery in Lisle Street shows a sensitive artist trying to

steer clear of 'formalism'. There is the usual test piece, a careful drawing of Lenin; the ruins of Warsaw take on an eighteenth-century appearance lest emotion produce a back-sliding into the expressive art of the beginnings. All rather moving if we remember how happily we play with shapes and textures.

Yeats (at Wildenstein's) and Bauchant (at Gimpel's) are both over eighty. Yeats' colour is now more exuberant than ever. In some landscapes and also in the theatre interior No. 9 an impressive 'Altersstil' appears. Bauchant's recent pictures look tired in a distinguished way.

He cannot be vulgar, but the Offenbach gods have departed.

It is wrong rather than imprudent to 'judge' contemporary painting — I mean painting being done now, and not merely 'contemporary painting'. If the artists have their 'private mythologies' then the onlooker, too, has his own associative reactions. The former are not symbols, the latter not 'Urteile'. Baudelaire's *A quoi bon la critique?* is more formidable a question today than ninety-eight years ago. Alan Reynolds (Redfern Gallery) has met with greater success in a shorter time than almost any young English painter within living memory. He has said about his aims: 'Painting a picture involves . . . the "Relativity of all



'Alexander and Diogenes', by Jean Lemaire (1597-1659): from the exhibition 'The Age of Exuberance' at the Arcade Gallery

—to the Rectangle". It is . . . a problem of solving equations; tonal, linear, and so on. The subject or motif must be transformed and become an organic whole. . . . Laying emphasis on the formal values in a work will therefore result in a degree of abstraction. This is, to me, the logical development of the motif towards its transformation into a picture'. These are noble and traditional aims. In the exhibition 'The Age of Exuberance' (Arcade Gallery) there is a picture by Jean Lemaire ('Le gros Lemaire', 1597-1659), reproduced on this page. Here is the coolly radiant fulfilment of not altogether dissimilar aims.

Roland, Browse and Delbanco's show the finest and most varied group of Boudin paintings imaginable, and Yves Alix's severely but humanely shaped riots of colour; so French, positive and workmanlike, and much brighter than the 'Ténor Koubitzky chantant' of 1923 which Alix showed at the 'Maitres de l'art indépendant' in 1937.

Among Louise Hutchinson's sculptures at the Beaux Arts Gallery are two or three portrait heads, very happily influenced by Marini, where late-Roman expressive realism makes a welcome and noble appearance. The superb Toulouse-Lautrec posters and lithographs (Ohana Gallery), mentioned here with absurd brevity; Mr. Csátó's and Irene Wyatt's paintings, agreeably Manessier-plus-Metzinger-like and Bonnard-fauvish respectively (Hanover Gallery); Fred Uhlman's show and the fine pointillists at the Redfern, Merlyn Evans at the Leicester, some very beautiful and one or two problematic French paintings at the Adam Gallery should not be overlooked.



# Why Modern Poetry is Obscure

The second of three talks by ERICH HELLER

I SAID at the end of my last talk\* that all great poetry is concerned with the true stature of things; also that it is the vindication of a valuable and meaningful world. Saying this, I implied that the true stature of things lies in their having a meaningful place in a valuable world. Clearly, this was a pronouncement of faith, or, in terms more in keeping with the prevalent manner of speaking, the begging of a question—in fact, of the very question which the mind of the age seems bent on answering in the negative. The perpetual threat of this negative answer is, I suggested, one of the embarrassments of modern poetry.

## 'Unemployed Affections'

The human affections are the only instruments of recognising and responding to values. By treating the affections as the rascals in the school of reason, and as the peace-breakers in the truth-bound community, Reason—the rationalist's reason—has set up a kind of truth which leaves the human affections as idle as do, by general consent, the 'objective' methods that lead to its discovery. The workshops in which our truths are manufactured are surrounded by swarms of unemployed affections. Unemployment leads to riots, and riots there were and are. The most powerful among them in the recent history of thought was romanticism. The war between rationalism and romanticism has left modern poetry with its hazardous legacy.

Nietzsche, who lived and thought at the very centre of the turmoil, knew that in this situation the most urgent business of philosophy was the problem of values—a business uneasily shirked by philosophy to this very day. To him this problem was more fundamental than all the problems of knowledge. These, he said, are serious only if the question of values is answered; and without this answer the pursuit of knowledge may cease to be serious, becoming desperate instead, 'a handsome tool for man's self-destruction', as he called it.

If it is not in the rationalistic pursuits of objective knowledge but only through the exercise of human affections that the question of values can be answered, can it then be answered at all? Is knowledge, gained in this way, not necessarily as elusive and as fickle, as deceptive, and as unreliable, as are the human affections themselves? And if poetry is what we believe it to be, namely the affections' appeal to the affections, what sort of truth or value can there be in poetry? There is, it seems, an odd disparity between the seriousness with which poets view their profession, and the use to which it is put. They toil in the exacting service of the spirit in order to please the spirit's more frivolous moods. This has been the quixotic predicament of poetry—and not only of poetry—throughout the modern age. It came to a climax when rationalism and romanticism between them contrived to destroy the last remnants of a rational order of values.

The recovery of a rational order of values was, in this period, a task to which some of the greatest thinkers and poets dedicated themselves. Among thinkers the truest and most passionate was Pascal. The inventor of the calculating machine—of an embryonic mechanical brain—also knew that the heart had reasons of which reason knew nothing. And Pascal meant *reasons* of the heart, not that unreason of the emotions with which the romantic mind so often vented its exasperation at the rationality of mechanical brains. The *esprit de finesse* which he, the mathematician, opposed to the *esprit de géométrie* had nothing to do with the emotional whims of the irrational. Mind it was, if ever there was mind—mind, intelligence, reason, an instrument of rational knowledge, of rationally knowing *logos*, sense and value. Pascal's *coeur* is the organ of recognising what is at the heart of things. His reasoning of the heart is the method of discourse when the subject of the discourse is not the logic of propositions but the logic of values. Here is the source of that strange fascination that this most passionately Christian thinker of the seventeenth century had for the most passionately anti-Christian mind of the nineteenth—Nietzsche.

Both these men's minds were focused on the problem of values, and it is not by accident but by reason of history that for Nietzsche this preoccupation took so often the form of a seemingly aesthetic problem

—the problem of the relationship between poetry and truth. This was, he said at the end of his conscious life, the first serious concern of his youth and the 'holy terror' of his later years. And to him it was identical with the question of the truth or untruth of values. For in the period between Pascal and Nietzsche it was above all in poets and artists that this essentially religious problem retained its vexing vigour. And if it inspired their most sublime thoughts, it also was a constant strain on their poetic resources.

To support this by examples would amount to making a dictionary of celebrated names—Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats; in France almost every poet between Baudelaire and Valéry; in Germany above all Goethe, Hölderlin, and Rilke—not to mention the theoretical writings of Schiller and the romantics. And if we search for the most precise words in order to define the hazards of modern poetry, I doubt whether we need go on after finding Hölderlin's great poem 'Bread and Wine':

... und wozu Dichter in dürrtlicher Zeit?

... in such spiritless times, why to be poet at all?

What was this *dürrtliche Zeit*, this time poor in spirit but further than any from the Kingdom of Heaven, that made Hölderlin question the justification of being a poet; this meagre but forceful time that pushed poetry to the very edge of silence, of that 'abyss' that Baudelaire too sensed at the feet of poetry; this hostile time that yet inspired in Hölderlin, and in Baudelaire, and in Rimbaud, poetry truly unheard of before? For in their poetry speechlessness itself seemed to burst into speech without breaking the silence. It was poetry separated from madness by the mere margin of the miracle that reveals in one moment the lucid depths of mystery at the price of darkness for what afterwards remains of life. What indeed was the *dürrtliche Zeit*?

It was a time whose bread and wine were mere commodities; a time whose reality meant nothing and whose meaning was unreal; and if its sense of reality was to be the measure of that 'real' which the poet, following Aristotle's precept, was to 'imitate', then poetry had to cease to be poetry. It was a time of which Hegel, Hölderlin's contemporary, said that 'art . . . is and will remain a thing of the past' because 'the mode of prose has absorbed all the concepts of the mind and impressed them with its prosaic stamp'. And in his awkward philosophical language he yet described exactly the hazards that lay ahead for poetry. 'Poetry', he said, 'will have to take on the business of so thorough a recasting and remodelling of reality that, faced with the unyielding mass of the prosaic, it will find itself involved everywhere in manifold difficulties'.

## The Loss of Simplicity

Hegel was proved wrong—by poetry, not by reality. But at what cost! One is almost tempted to say: at the cost of Hölderlin's sanity and the survival of Rimbaud's genius. And certainly at the cost of poetry's simplicity, of that profound simplicity which is the most precious fruit of peace prevailing between the poet's thought and the thought of his age. This peace is in the Homeric battles, in Aeschylus' tragedies, and even in Dante's descent into hell. But it is nowhere in Hölderlin's poetry, not even in its sublime moments of utter tranquillity. For these come to pass when the exile finds a home with exiles, when the rootless poet is received into the company of rootless gods:

Aber wo sind sie? . . . über dem Haupt droben in anderer Welt.

Where, though, where are they? . . . far above ourselves, away in a different world.

The belief that the poet seeks inspiration in being beside himself is, even in its most 'classical' forms, a romantic fallacy. This fallacy has, ever since Schopenhauer, informed many of our most widely accepted aesthetic theories: for instance, the theory of the 'impersonal' character of poetry, of the poet as a neutral agent bringing about the fusion and crystallisation of nameless experience. These theories merely express, and express significantly, the spiritual depreciation of the real lives that real selves lead in the real world. It is neither in 'depersonalisation' nor in intoxication that the great poet finds his poetic self, but



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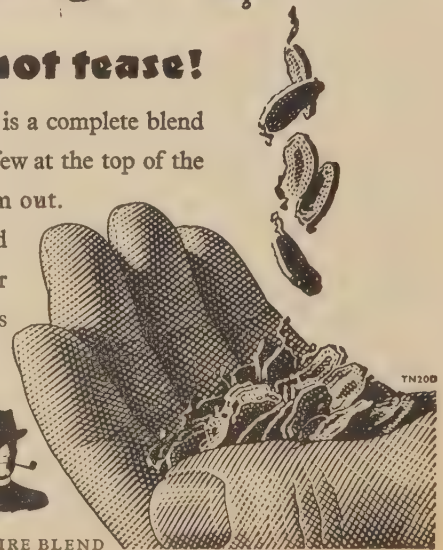
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in that sobriety of vision which sees what really is. Hölderlin called it *heilige Nüchternheit*, 'holy sobriety', and Valéry once said, paradoxically: 'If I were to write, I would infinitely rather write something weak, in full consciousness and in complete lucidity, than give birth to a masterpiece in a state of trance'.

'Where sobriety leaves you', wrote Hölderlin, 'there is also the limit of your inspiration. The great poet is never beside himself'. To ponder this sentence, and then go to Hölderlin's greatest poetry, and then remember his fate—these are three acts of realising a tragedy. It is not only Hölderlin's tragedy, but the tragedy of a world that has set up its own sober reality on the far side of the poet's sobriety, and has pushed the poet to a place where he, who is never beside himself, is beside the world. And when Hölderlin defines poetic sobriety as the intellectual power to discover for every particular thing its rightful place within the whole, adding that there can be no excellence in either art or life 'without reason or thoroughly organised feelings', then the most lucidly true vision of poetry and life throws into relief the falsity of a thoroughly disorganised reality in which life has no poetry and poetry no life. And in such a homeless world the poet's home-coming is an adventure beset by incomprehensible dangers. For where there is neither holiness nor spirit, there the holy sobriety of the spirit is like addiction to intoxicants. And when Reason insists on the sole validity of its reasons, then the heart, Pascal's heart, is broken by the very force of its own rationality.

It is then that what really appears like the vision of a visionary, and the realism of great poetry becomes 'metaphysical'; not, however, by wilfully deserting the physical world, but by being left outside through a peculiar contraction of the circumference of the real.

### Poetry is 'Making'

Yet we must not lose sight of a fact that we have so far deliberately neglected in order to bring out more clearly a distinctive quality of modern poetry. Poetry, at all times, is not merely descriptive and imitative in the Aristotelian sense. It is always also creative; creative indeed in the sense of making things that were not there before—and the derivation of the word 'poetry' points to just this kind of 'making'. But it is creative also in a profounder and more elusive sense. Poetry heightens and cultivates the creative element that is in experience itself. For experience is not in the impressions we receive; it is in *making* sense. And poetry is the foremost sense-maker of experience. It renders *actual* ever new sectors of the apparently inexhaustible field of *potential* experience. This is why the poet is, as I said in my first talk, an easier prey to doubt and despair than people content to live with the sense made by others.

Every civilised society lives and thrives on a silent but profound agreement on what is to be accepted as the valid mould of experience. Civilisation is a complex system of dams, dykes, and canals warding off, directing, and articulating the influx of the surrounding fluid element; a fertile fenland, elaborately drained and protected from the high tides of chaotic, unexercised, and inarticulate experience. In such a culture, stable and sure of itself within the frontiers of 'naturalised' experience, the arts wield their creative power not so much in width as in depth. They do not create new experience, but deepen and purify the old. Their works do not differ from one another like a new horizon from a new horizon, but like a madonna from a madonna.

The periods of art which are most vigorous in creative passion seem to occur when the established pattern of experience is loosened in its rigidity without as yet losing its force. Such a period was the Renaissance, and Shakespeare its poetic consummation. Then it was as though the discipline of the old order gave depth to the excitement of the breaking away, the depth of joy and tragedy, of incomparable conquests and irredeemable losses. Adventurers of experience set out as if in life-boats to rescue and bring back to the shore treasures of knowing and feeling which the old order had left floating on the high seas. The works of the early Renaissance and the poetry of Shakespeare vibrate with the compassion for live experience in danger of dying from exposure and neglect. In this compassion was the creative genius of the age. Yet it was a genius of courage, not of desperate audacity. For, however elusively, it still knew of harbours and anchors, of homes to which to return, and of barns in which to store the harvest. The exploring spirit of art was in the depths of its consciousness still aware of a scheme of things into which to fit its exploits and creations.

But the more this scheme of things loses its stability, the more boundless and uncharted appears the ocean of potential exploration. In the blank confusion of infinite potentialities flotsam of significance gets

attached to jetsam of experience; for everything is sea, everything is at sea—

... the sea is all about us;  
The sea is the land's edge also, the granite  
Into which it reaches, the beaches where it tosses  
Its hints of earlier and other creation ...

And Rilke tells a story in which, as in Mr. T. S. Eliot's poem, it is again the sea and the distance of 'other creation' that becomes the image of the poet's reality. A rowing boat sets out on a difficult passage. The oarsmen labour in exact rhythm. There is no sign yet of the destination. Suddenly a man, seemingly idle, breaks out into song. And if the labour of the oarsmen meaninglessly defeats the real resistance of the real waves, it is the idle singer who magically conquers the despair of apparent aimlessness. While the people next to him try to come to grips with the element that is next to them, his voice seems to bind the boat to the farthest distance so that the farthest distance draws it towards itself. 'I don't know why and how', is Rilke's conclusion, 'but suddenly I understood the situation of the poet, his place and function in this age. It does not matter if one denies him every place—except this one. There one must tolerate him'.

It is the farthest distance to which the poet is bound. What is next to him does not matter. Yet at any moment anything that is next to him may be illumined by sparks struck from the invisible wire that binds his boat to its mysteriously distant destination. The humblest object or the tiniest shred of experience may unexpectedly become a conductor of infinity, charged with a force that was once distributed over a whole comprehensive order holding in their right places the great and little things. This order is no more. Who knows our place, or the place of anything? Where are the links that join the creation with the creator, and creature with creature? This is the theme of Rilke's First Duino Elegy. Everything is separate; dissociation is the order of the world:

... Alas, who is there  
we can make use of? Not angels, not men;  
and already the knowing brutes are aware  
that we don't feel very securely at home  
within our interpreted world

Yet here or there, out of place and out of order, a strangely arbitrary object seems to mean everything to us:

... There remains, perhaps,  
some tree on a slope, to be looked at day after day;  
there remains for us yesterday's road and the cupboard-love loyalty  
of a habit that liked us and stayed and never gave notice.

The portraitist of this situation is Van Gogh. He painted the tree of Rilke's elegy, the sunflower, the chair and the boots that are the chance receptacles of all the homeless energy of the spirit which had once its lawful house with Giotto's angels and madonnas—once a king of kingdoms, now a squatter in boots. Look at this bough of almond blossom, look at this chair—indeed, they get much more than their due of the spirit, almost bursting with its superfluity. It is a mere moment of explosion that separates Van Gogh's objects from the distorted fragments of surrealism.

The notorious obscurity of modern poetry is due to the absence from our lives of commonly accepted symbols to represent and house our deepest feelings. And so these invade the empty shells of fragmentary memories, hermit-crabs in a sea of uncertain meaning. We may yet reach the moon. Interplanetary traffic will soon prove easier than communication between countless private universes. For the following lines of Mr. T. S. Eliot are not only true of words before the ultimate mystery; they also apply to words caught in the penultimate muddle:

... Words strain,  
Crack and sometimes break, under the burden,  
Under the tension, slip, slide, perish,  
Decay with imprecision ...

—Third Programme

The imaginary, composite undergraduate poet who emerges from *Poetry from Cambridge: 1951-1952*, edited by Thom Gunn (Fortune Press, 6s.), is sober, serious, and of moderate technical skill; he is well-read in the early Eliot, the later Yeats, Auden, MacNeice, and Thomas; and very ill-read in anything earlier. His emotions are under severe intellectual control, he is afraid of letting himself go and of being found out sentimentalising. Mr. John Mander alone seems to have versatility and the willingness to branch out in more than one direction. His satire 'With Snow on their Boots' is genuinely funny, but it is to be hoped that he will cultivate even more assiduously his lyric strain. This is an interesting collection, worthy of something better than the dismal format in which it appears.





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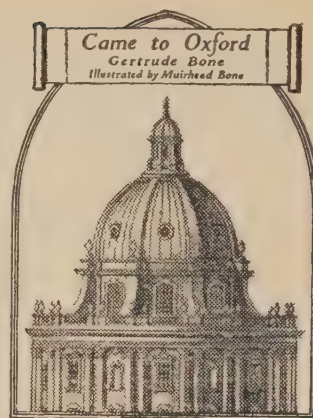
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# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## The True Voice of Feeling

By Herbert Read. Faber. 25s.

SIR HERBERT READ is a direct heir of Coleridge, for his criticism of the arts is philosophic. His range has often carried him far afield, following imagination to its source, raiding the borders of the science of psychology, the art of children and of primitives, and seeking some reconciling factor between 'the arts (understood as a manifestation of life) and the biological sciences. The circumference is ever expanding, but at the centre of Herbert Read's field has always been the criticism of Coleridge and the poetry of Wordsworth. On these two poets and their background he has written his best criticism, and on them no critic has written better. He is entirely at one with Coleridge's theory of the imagination; yet the temper of his mind is more akin to Wordsworth, of whose 'philosophical faith' he says that its singular distinction is its 'centrality and traditional validity'. The tradition that Herbert Read has in mind, and in which he himself stands, is 'that stream which first became defined in Kant's philosophy, and continued to flow, however irregularly, through the minds of Schelling, Coleridge, Kierkegaard, Hegel, Nietzsche, Husserl, Heidegger; divided by a watershed from Locke, Condillac, Hartley, Bentham, Marx and Lenin—that first stream to which we give the fashionable name of Existentialism, but which is really the main tradition of philosophy itself'. Schelling's essay 'Concerning the relation of the plastic arts to nature', a fertilising source of Coleridge's thought, is printed as an appendix to this volume.

The argument—first put forward in *Form in Modern Poetry*—is that there are two distinct kinds of poetic form, the organic, and the rhetorical. It is always easier to talk about the rhetorical, because the constructions of rhetoric are a game with binding rules, played within the realm of the known and the knowable. The organic form of poetry has its roots out of sight, is subject to laws indefinable because the poets themselves obey but do not know them, for Coleridge's 'absolute self, the great eternal I AM', Shelley's Daimon, Blake's Poetic Genius, has access to knowledge outside normal consciousness. Herbert Read makes the Romantics' radical distinction between these two conceptions of poetry, and believes that 'it was not merely a new phase of literature that began with the Romantic Movement in Europe, but a new and immensely more vital and interesting conception of literature itself. Poetry ceased to be a game; it became a mode of apprehension and effort of consciousness'.

The term 'free' verse is misleading to those who do not experience the laws that such verse obeys. 'As every passion has its proper pulse, so will it likewise have its characteristic modes of expression'. The imagination is not a chaos, but, on the contrary, an ordering principle, reflecting itself in the forms of art. Herbert Read senses that pulse in the variety and freedom of the ballad metre of the Ancient Mariner; in Wordsworth's blank verse ('blank verse is virtually free verse, and precisely at its most poetic, is most irregular'). Keats sought, if he scarcely found, 'the true voice of feeling', and the tradition continues through Hopkins, T. E. Hulme, Ezra Pound, and in T. S. Eliot's long search for 'sincerity of poetic utterance: a long disciplined effort to avoid the artificiality of rhetoric', and to extend the experiments of the imagists to solve the problem of a contemporary verse-form for drama. Thus he adroitly kidnaps Eliot for the Romantic movement. At the same

time Whitman and Lawrence are excluded from the main stream, for, although they rejected 'shape as superimposed', they did not admit 'form as proceeding' (Lawrence claims for free verse absolute freedom to reflect the instantaneous impression) which is the essential principle of Schelling's and Herbert Read's own theory of organic form.

A long essay 'In defence of Shelley' suggests some sort of conflict between Sir Herbert's natural sympathy with Shelley's imaginative philosophy, and his sense that Shelley's verse is not strikingly organic. This essay reveals Herbert Read's greater sensitivity to verse forms than to the invention of image and symbol, as such. His omission of Blake and Yeats, the symbolists, is significant. Had he examined Shelley's symbolic imagery he would surely have found better ground for a claim that his creation was of an organic kind, than by coursing the attractive hare of psychological analysis of Shelley's type that leaves, finally, an ambiguous impression. Byron, however, falls clearly outside the main stream of romantic poetry. His point of view about poetry was classical; he wrote with ease and suavity, possessed the 'true romantic afflatus', but had no notion of a poetry reflecting a correspondence between form and feeling. 'There is more essential discipline in one of Wordsworth's sonnets than in the whole of Byron's work'. This Herbert Read can say because the only true discipline of poetry is that imposed by the 'innermost energies of the mind and spirit, which we term inspiration'. The nature of this discipline seems as little understood by most critics, and many poets, today as in the year 1807. Herbert Read has always spoken for that highest conception of the imagination, at a time when few, even among the poets, have kept faith with that hidden and vital source.

## Evolution in Action. By Julian Huxley.

Chatto and Windus. 9s. 6d.

In this book Dr. Huxley presents to the general reader the material he used in designing the Patten Foundation Lectures which he delivered at Indiana University in 1951. Listeners to the B.B.C. programmes have also had an opportunity of hearing the author maintaining the same thesis in a series of broadcast talks. The more leisurely medium provided by the book gives the reflective reader a chance to appreciate the arguments used and to consider the extent of their validity.

Arguments about evolution naturally themselves evolve, and so do the terms in which we envisage the process. It is probably hardly an over-statement to say that we are, most of us at least, more often engaged in thinking about a model of the process of evolution than in thinking about the process itself. It is the business—the proper business—of the biological theoretician to construct his model so that it shall work satisfactorily in the light of current knowledge, and so provide an intellectually satisfying description of what is believed to go on in nature. It is the business—the proper business—of everybody continually to test models on offer to see if they do provide the intellectual satisfaction that they should. Dr. Huxley has played his part in constructing the model of the evolutionary process which is most widely used today, and in this book he once more presents it clearly and vividly for assessment.

It is impossible in a brief review to rehearse in full the current doctrine of neo-mendelism, but its cardinal point is perhaps its offer to

'explain' the evolutionary process in terms of the natural selection of forms for survival and for procreation in virtue of the fact that they are what they are because they possess heritable particulars whose very nature it is to mediate by their interaction the production of qualities suitable to the survival of the animal. In so far as this is not a trivial tautology it almost certainly involves certain suppositions about the kind of relationships that can in principle be conceived of as possibly subsisting between these heritable particulars, or genes, and the qualities upon which natural selection might act. It is probably just here that the next advance in our knowledge is due. Until this advance is made, and it is seen whether the kinds of relationships which seem to be implied are in fact at all reasonable, we shall just have to love with a doubt. But that, after all, is nothing new. The doubt is quite a healthy one—it was expressed by Professor Waddington in a broadcast when he asked whether it is really enough to explain what *has* happened in terms of a system in which nearly anything *could* happen.

This book of Dr. Huxley's ought to be widely read, because it is a beautiful setting-out of the orthodox view of evolution, with excellently chosen examples which will enable the reader to understand what the claim is. As a humanist Dr. Huxley believes that man has a special part to play in controlling evolution and directing it. Here is a chance for the ordinary reader to play his part in the natural selection of evolutionary theories.

## The Forsaken Idea: a study of Viscount Milner. By Edward Crankshaw. Longmans. 15s.

Like the recent volume by Vladimir Halpérin on *Lord Milner and the Empire*, this book is not so much a biography as a study of the ideas which governed Milner's life, based, apart from a few private letters, on material available in published form for many years. After reading Milner's papers, Mr. Crankshaw is shocked that ideas lucidly expressed, immediately relevant to our own difficulties, should have been for long ignored: his only aim is to send readers to those writings while there is still time to profit by them, in order to secure a frame of mind appropriate to the solution of pressing contemporary problems.

What were these ideas? Milner believed the supreme concern of all Englishmen to be the ultimate survival of Great Britain, through the preservation and development of its Empire—an extension of all he strove for during a long and strenuous career. In his view, imperialism had nothing to do with empire-building for its own sake. It was rather a way of life dictated by circumstances to an over-populated island, which could not survive without the most intimate connections with other parts of the globe. It meant policies at home as well as abroad, including abolition of slums and sweated labour (which weakened the race, and made it unfit to discharge its functions), to fit the British for their responsibilities and opportunities. Milner, who first stood for Parliament as a liberal, maintained a lasting practical interest in social and economic reform, and was a great deal closer to the ideals of socialism, Mr. Crankshaw insists, than many present day trade-unionists. In March 1904, he described his aim as a group of states, independent in their local concerns, but all united for the defence of their own common interests, and the development of a common civilisation. That unity alone would enable it to





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develop freely on its own lines, and to continue to fulfil its distinctive mission in the world. Milner realised the difficulties in the maintenance of unity: awareness of unity 'is not easily brought home to a number of separate democracies, living at a distance from one another, confronted with very different local problems, and each naturally absorbed in its own local affairs'.

Nobody was more conscious than Milner of the shortcomings of the British, but their maturity of outlook and decency of aspiration made them the most likely leaders in an imperfect world in which somebody was bound to lead. For Britain to lead, she had to be confident and strong—by developing the backward areas whose protection depended on that strength. Only the strong, among those who desire peace, are in a position to obtain it. 'It is no use being conciliatory', Milner wrote in 1897, 'if people think you are only conciliatory because you are afraid'. He was aware that England might not support his policy in South Africa (where he saw the native problem as the crux of South African difficulties as a whole): 'not from cowardice, but from simple ignorance of the situation, and the easy-going belief that you have only to be very kind and patient and magnanimous, and give away your friends to please your enemies, in order to make the latter love you for ever'. Fundamentally, the greatest enemy was (and still is) within: complacency, apathy, inertia (now become almost national characteristics).

Milner was up against what Mr. Crankshaw terms the British version of original sin: woolly thinking and self-deception, allied with a strong but all too erratic and spasmodically operating social conscience. It is precisely this which may frustrate Mr. Crankshaw's aim. Milner's ideas are still associated with Imperialism and the Boer War, both subjects for a sentimental revulsion of conscience against past behaviour, 'the rope with which the British Empire was to hang itself'. To dispel this, despite Milner's wish that no biography of himself should be written, there is room for both a serious study of his whole career, and also of Imperialism in all its facets, its aims, operation, successes and failures. The awakening interest in the great pro-consuls may yet inspire such a worth-while study.

### Chatham. By J. H. Plumb.

Collins: 'Brief Lives'. 7s. 6d.

Dr. Plumb's thesis is that Pitt, unknown to his contemporaries, was subject to periodical attacks of manic-depressive insanity, which would nowadays have made it impossible for him 'to remain long in political life'. Pitt's more unpredictable actions, we are told, were usually 'a corollary of his disease'; e.g., 'a mental collapse' in 1744 was responsible for his accepting the office of Paymaster-General. What are the grounds for these surprising statements?

Dr. Plumb's evidence for the 'mental collapse' in 1744 is a letter of George Grenville's, reporting Pitt as

*in a very bad way, having (never been able to get rid of the gout in his bowels ever since it first seized him before you left London in the Spring. The Bath waters have done him no good. This is a grievous misfortune to him, since, if it does not affect his life, it may perhaps disable him, and make a cripple of him for ever...*

In quoting this letter Dr. Plumb omits the words in italics, without any indication of the omissions. Comment is superfluous.

After pointing out that when Pitt went to the House of Commons on January 23, 1745, he seemed to an observer to be almost dying, but not that he made 'a very strong and much admired speech'—hardly a sign of a 'mental collapse'—Dr. Plumb continues: 'This was

Pitt's state throughout the critical negotiations which led to the formation of the Broad-bottom Administration and to his final acceptance of office'.

The negotiations which led to the formation of the Broad-bottom Administration in November 1744 did not, however, lead to Pitt's acceptance of office, which took place not in 1745, as Dr. Plumb supposes, but in 1746.

It would be easy to continue, but enough has been said to show that this little book would have been improved by less amateur psychiatry and more accurate facts.

### Psychoanalytic Studies of the Personality

By W. Ronald D. Fairbairn.

Tavistock Publications. 25s.

How many of Freud's concepts of the formation and development of the human psyche can be abandoned without abandoning the rightful use of the term psychoanalysis? This question is raised in urgent form by this publication of the collected papers of Dr. Fairbairn, the lone, lorn member of the British Psychoanalytical Society practising in Edinburgh, whose individual papers, when they appeared in various learned journals, excited a certain amount of comment and approval. Dr. Fairbairn rejects nearly every one of Freud's central concepts: libido and the death instinct, the interpretation of dreams as wish-fulfillments, the Oedipus conflict, the theory of zones, the attempted link between psychology and physiology, the concept of guilt, the super-ego as the surrogate of the Oedipus situation are all either rejected completely or so modified that, though the same terms may be used, the referents are quite different; all that he retains of the original theories is the concept of introjection and (presumably, for we are given no direct information on this subject) the technique of therapy. Of course, Freud's concepts are not sacrosanct; Freud was a scientist and would have been the last person to desire this; but when practically the whole body of theory has been thrown over, it would seem more reasonable to coin another name for the ideas which are offered in its place.

Central to Dr. Fairbairn's construct is the hypothesis that the libido 'is not pleasure-seeking but object-seeking'; and he places the nucleus of all psychological development in the infant's fantasied incorporation of the bad or withholding aspects of the mother or her breast, so as to preserve a 'good' object in the outer world. This fantastically-incorporated 'bad object' continues to have an internal life of its own, causing the infant great distress; so the infant, still in fantasy, splits this original bad object into two portions, the 'exciting' object and the 'rejecting' object; and then, by mechanisms which are certainly far from clear, detaches or splits off parts of its 'central ego' to deal with these two internal objects; these parts of the ego become (or remain) unconscious; and these 'subsidiary egos' are the analogues of Freud's id and super-ego. This process is completed in the first months of life; all subsequent vicissitudes and experiences are repetitions of this primal splitting.

One of the major objections to this theory, as a theory of human development, is that it is almost completely mentalistic; apart from suckling and weaning, the body is ignored, and no theoretical account is taken of maturation. Furthermore, it makes no allowance for variations in cultural practice or individual experience; the infant which is constantly with its mother, and suckles whenever it desires—the usual practice for a great part of humanity—would have little or no impetus to incorporate the 'bad object' which is the sole or efficient cause of personality formation. But psychoanalysis is not only a theory; it is also a method

of investigation and therapy; and if it were demonstrated that the use of these concepts facilitated diagnosis or cure which would have been impossible, or far more difficult, if the concepts developed by a large body of practitioners had been used, then the theoretical objections would have to be revised.

The first half of this book develops the 'theory' at considerable length, and with considerable repetition involved in the reprinting of a series of seven self-contained papers; the inquiring reader turns eagerly to the second and third sections, Clinical Papers and Miscellaneous Papers, to discover how these heterodox ideas, advanced with no evidence and very little illustration, are applied in practice. He finds, to his dismay, that they are not applied at all. The clinical papers employ the most orthodox Freudian notions in an obvious though rather heavy-handed way; there is no mention of 'subsidiary egos' or 'internalized objects'; in the longest paper, discussing a woman with a physical abnormality, there is hardly any reference, other than description, to the psychological effects of this abnormality.

The miscellaneous papers contain one of the silliest essays on Communism to have seen the light, and a couple of rather uncharitable notes on war neurotics and the treatment and rehabilitation of sexual offenders. War neuroses are 'a failure of morale', and it is questioned whether such sufferers should be awarded war pensions. Sexual offenders, we are told, are not suitable for psychological treatment; they may perhaps be susceptible to rehabilitation through group treatment, if the community thinks it worth while. One gets the strong impression that these two groups incur the moral disapprobation of Dr. Fairbairn; their lapse from group standards is wilful naughtiness, and they should not be coddled. Dr. Fairbairn constantly uses analogies drawn from religion; he even states that 'the psychotherapist is the true successor to the exorcist, and... is concerned not only with "the forgiveness of sins" but also with "the casting out of devils"'. In the miscellaneous papers the Calvinist ecclesiastic seems to have taken the place of the psychotherapist; and, in the clinical papers, the psychotherapist seems not to have heard of the theorist. The collected papers offer a convincing illustration of the splitting of the ego; but not of the validity or pragmatic usefulness of the curious notions advanced in the first section.

### John Wycliffe and the Beginnings of English Non-conformity

By K. B. McFarlane.

English Universities Press. 7s. 6d.

Historians who have profited by Mr. McFarlane's previous publications have looked forward with pleasurable expectation to the appearance of this volume; they will find in it much that is of value. It opens with a very good sketch of Oxford in Wycliffe's day and follows this with a clear and informative account of the machinery of the Church at this period, especially in the matter of presentations to benefices in England. Mr. McFarlane has investigated many unprinted sources on Sir John Oldcastle's rebellion, for which he has provided interesting new information, especially as to the occupations and geographical distribution of the Lollards involved. For further elucidation of the latter point he has supplied as end-papers to the book very useful maps of southern England, showing the main rivers, probable line of the chief roads, and places involved in the Lollard rising of 1414. Interesting new details are also given of some other Lollards, especially William Swinderby, described as 'one of the greatest, perhaps the very greatest, of Lollard evangelists'. The outlook and



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responsibilities of the contemporary bishops who dealt with Lollardy are drawn with care and sympathy.

It is right that the standpoint of the authorities of the time, both ecclesiastical and lay, should be depicted with skill and understanding. It is also necessary that the views of Wycliffe and the Lollards should be presented with equal patience and insight, so that the reader may be led to comprehension rather than hasty judgment. Unfortunately, long before we reach the end of the book Mr. McFarlane has intruded frequently between us and the subject his strong dislike for Wycliffe, Lollards, nonconformists, non-graduates who presume to question established authority, and all liberals and radicals; even Gladstone is gratuitously dragged in, only to be dismissed as a 'sap'. The result is to distort the treatment of the subject as a whole. For example, Wycliffe's doctrines are viewed from the standpoint of his career, and are largely explained away in terms of personal defects, e.g., disappointed ambition or high blood-pressure; but, as previous biographers have pointed out and Mr. McFarlane himself admits, very little is known for certain about Wycliffe's character or career at any stage, and one of his most cogent works, the *Triologue*, was written after his brain was, according to Mr. McFarlane, impaired by a stroke.

Not much space is given to an analysis of Wycliffe's doctrines, or to their subsequent influence in England and Bohemia; but this is logical if one shares Mr. McFarlane's very debatable views on the negligible debt of the Taborites to Wycliffe, on his small influence on Lollardy after the first generation, and on the insignificance of Lollardy after 1414. This last view is presumably responsible for the allocation of only three pages to Lollardy after 1414, although the able, even if misguided, Bishop Pecock thought Lollards sufficiently numerous and dangerous in the middle of the fifteenth century to make it worth while to write over forty works to convert them, and although Lollardy survived in various parts of England until the Reformation. It is a pity that so acute and distinguished a historian should have deemed this the right way to show the general public how to 'teach yourself history' and to 'open up a significant historical theme'; and the mood of its approach may blind some readers to its large merits. Perhaps, however, its provocative handling will serve a useful purpose in stimulating readers to seek further into the matter for themselves.

### Flowers of the Coast. By Ian Hepburn.

Collins: 'The New Naturalist'. 25s.

Gradually—and it is not altogether a good thing—the study of wild plants becomes coldly scientific. The professionals and the amateurs of the old dispensation were more free to feel some plant in flower as a beautiful object, and they were not abashed to mention that it might have had some folk usage, economic or magical. Inherited, may be, from the herbalists of the sixteenth century, this approach could degenerate into whimsy. Yet it was more completely human, and it made the world of plants more entrancing. Mr. Hepburn is an amateur, but his mind, the reader should be warned, has been well sprayed with the total or all but total disinfectant. He makes an occasional gesture towards the charm of his plants, he quotes Crabbe, or Wordsworth, or Robert Bridges; but the approach is almost entirely ecological.

Excellent—up to a point. The physiological and ecological peculiarities of coastal vegetation are more than usually fascinating; and Mr. Hepburn does describe simply and well the peculiarities of salt-marsh or strand, dune or cliff. The chapter on the vegetation of spray-washed rocks and cliffs, on the factors of salt and wind and soil and the effect of bird drop-

pings, illuminates a still neglected aspect of plant life. Yet the ecologist's approach must always be somewhat chill and abstract for the reader who makes a hobby out of plants. In two earlier books in this same great series, the *Wild Orchids of Britain* and the *Wild Flowers of Chalk and Limestone*, the learned authors kept and imparted the feeling that plants are the reward of a perpetual treasure hunt, that they themselves, and every other plant-hunter, belonged to a race of men going back to the heroic John Ray and William Turner. Mr. Hepburn repents a little by making the last chapter into a descriptive guide, but opportunities are missed even there, when one thinks of the notes he might have written on such plants as Alexanders and sea-kale and sea-holly, and how, under samphire, he might have avoided, or refreshed, the automatic reference to 'King Lear'. And some of his occasional sallies are not to be trusted. Syrup of Squills, for instance, is not derived from our native *Scillas* but from the Mediterranean *Urginea maritima*. Curious, too, in a book of this kind, to call *Asplenium marinum* the only British maritime fern and never to mention the rare and delicious Maidenhair (*Adiantum capillus-veneris*), which is maritime so far as we are concerned. The illustrations are ample, and include charming photographs of wild cabbage on a Dorset cliff (in colour) and marsh mallow, rare and lovely, in a Dorset swamp.

### Edward Benlowes: Biography of a Minor Poet. By Harold Jenkins.

Athlone Press. 35s.

Does anybody read Benlowes today? Certainly it is not easy to do so. Interest is awakened by the almost invariably eulogistic seventeenth-century references to him, whether as man or poet, though Samuel Butler, to be sure, dismisses him with amused contempt. But there is no collected edition, and the would-be disciple draws a blank in *The Oxford Book of Seventeenth Century Verse*, and in all other likely anthologies except Ault's *Seventeenth Century Lyrics*, which gives one short passage; and when at length he is fairly run to ground in Saintsbury's *Minor Poets of the Caroline Period*, where he is represented by his 'masterpiece', 'Theophila', and two of the shorter poems, a feeling of anticlimax is practically certain to follow the triumph of discovery. 'Theophila' is a rather drearily didactic allegory, in thirteen cantos, of the human soul in its relations to sin and to divine love. Just occasionally it rises to something like sublimity, when one 'hears the beat of angels' wings' or has visions of vast immensities of space; for the most part it is characterised by a far too heavily embroidered style, grossly overlaid with metaphysical conceits, puns, and every other verbal trick which our language is capable of producing; at times, too, marred by lapses of taste or sheer bathos.

Why then this full-scale biography? The answer lies in the man rather than the poet, which is not to say that Benlowes has no interest as a man of letters. He may be regarded as the type of the cultivated country gentleman of his day, conscientiously playing his part in the local affairs of the Essex villages in which his estates lay, beneficently administering the generous family charities which he inherited, and devoting his leisure to the composition of high-minded but fantastic poetry and to the active patronage of literature. Phineas Fletcher, Quarles, and Thomas Fuller are only the most illustrious of those who dedicated works to him in glowing terms of praise and gratitude. He was also something of a connoisseur, especially in the art of book-production. Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he was educated at Cambridge and Lincoln's Inn, made the Grand Tour in proper style, and then settled down at Finchfield to enjoy his

life of letters and philanthropy; but the time was out of joint, and this was not to be. Though he himself was converted to a sincere and fervent anglicanism, he was the head of a fanatically papist family, and repeatedly paid heavy fines incurred by his recusant relations. He was a mild Royalist, and indeed on one occasion half-heartedly took up arms for the King, and his estates suffered very severely from the exactions of the Parliamentarians. His resources now rapidly diminishing, he was robbed and victimised by a trusted servant and dragged through costly law-suits; and finally, from a position of ease and affluence, he was reduced to actual pauperism, and in his old age was supported by the charity of influential friends at Oxford, where he haunted the Bodleian Library, one of those shabby hangers-on that all great libraries seem to attract, and perhaps happier among the books there than he had ever been before.

Drawing easily from a very wide range of contemporary books and documents to fill out his picture, Dr. Jenkins gives a lively account of all the circumstances and activities of Benlowes' life that have been enumerated, and of others as well. The work is thus a 'Life and Times of Benlowes' rather than a mere 'Life', and therein lies a great part of its value. Practically every aspect of mid-seventeenth century life is illuminated: the Civil War and its worthies of both sides, the religious partisanship, the education of the gentry, the hazards of litigation, the literary fashions and friendships, and of course the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy took at that time in as full measure as at any other. If at times the documentation seems pedantically minute, or a disputed biographical fact rather too weightily argued, the book as a whole remains thoroughly readable, and is a scholarly and valuable contribution to seventeenth-century studies. Certainly it will be a very long time before the life of Benlowes needs to be written again.

### Himmler: The Evil Genius of the Third Reich. By Willi Frischauer.

Odhams Press. 16s.

Mr. Frischauer's book on Himmler is a little better written and altogether a little more worth while than his life of Göring. It has too many spurious descriptions of things which no one can have witnessed and tries to be far too full of that tone of baffled surprise which is supposed to be popular. But the subject of this book, although he was in many ways a very silly man, has left a terrible mark upon history, smaller but perhaps not less terrible than that left by Adolf Hitler.

For Himmler's outstanding achievement was the extermination by his S.S. of large numbers of his fellow human-beings, mostly with hideous cruelty. Mr. Frischauer falters in hesitation over this fact—can Himmler have had no doubt and no fear? The answer is supplied in the words of Himmler's expert on partisan warfare, Bach-Zelewski. In reply to a question in 1946 the latter admitted that Himmler's extermination campaign 'was the logical consequence of our ideology . . . If for years, for decades, a doctrine is preached to the effect that the Slav race is an inferior race, that the Jews are not even human beings, then an explosion of this sort is inevitable . . .'. Yes, the racial talk indulged in by Hitler and his cronies, and, before them, by generations of extreme German nationalists, was childish and brutally literal; they were but waiting for Hitler's day and Himmler's hour to carry it to its logical conclusion. Himmler's neuroses appear to have had other causes: about the liquidation of the 'inferior' and unfit he was simple enough to be childishly and brutally proud—he was sure that it served his *Führer* and *Volk*.



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## TELEVISION

### Sunday-Night Visitors

THE SAW ABOUT teaching one's grandmother to suck eggs seems to have gone into decline, rather, one supposes, from a shortage of eggs than of grandmothers. But there is a great deal of advice still being handed out—sometimes with a rather startling show of indignation—as to what 'the people' really want from this, that, and the other; and not least, of course, from their television sets. I am not above resorting to this kind of didactic criticism of 'the authorities' myself. I would like, for instance, to point out (as if they, the authorities, did not already know it) that if 'Dr. Schweitzer' and 'The Dark Wood' were worth seeing twice, then it would also have been pleasant to see a second billing for S. N. Behrman's still lively comedy 'The Second Man': all rather old history now, as I heard someone once say of 'Macbeth', but an occasion for some stimulating and elegant comic playing by Michael Denison and a neat production by Leonard Brett which were more or less generally praised.

But I find it rather worrying to read a colleague's estimate of 'The Dark Wood' which, he said, 'absolutely spoilt our Sunday evening with its bores'. I am not claiming that the inhabitants of the Llanddewi parsonage were the gayest of fellow mortals. But some of them were quite interesting, I thought; Rachel Gurney suffering and suffering in a woollen twin set; another Rachel, Thomas this time, making me cry as many Welsh intoning actresses seem able to do when they tell how Evans the Boot or Jones the Milk

has been raised from dead, and restored, isn't it? (This is, of course, a personal allergy or special sensitivity; the same in Scottish or even Oirish might leave me unaffected, but I find the Welsh kitchen pathos peculiarly keen.)

I was sorry we did not see more of the mother-in-law who also wore woollens but with a difference, Tartar fashion, as mothers-in-law in dark woods, or broad daylight, are apt to do.



Irene Worth as Anne Whateley and John Gregson as Shakespeare in 'William's Other Anne'

For I was genuinely interested in the banked down antagonism of these ladies. The gentlemen I thought had less to offer: David Markham's pale husband was appropriately dim; David Peel's revivalist inappropriately so. To be fair, the eloquence was not there for him to batten on. But one ought either to have seen him in action or had a little more to go on. He might have been not a potential revivalist who saw the spiritual vanity of his ways, so much as a decent fellow calling from the Building Society or offering brushes made by ex-servicemen. But some of the tensions were there, the tensions of a respectable play, if not of the good play which P. H. Burton had somewhere mislaid. The production by the joint enterprise of Ian Atkins and Alan Bromly was smooth and plausible.

Perhaps what was troubling my colleague was not the parochial Welsh character of the drama—after all, it was St. David's Day—but the implication that a semi-religious case of conscience was a bit too much of a good thing on a Sunday night, for which 'What's My Line?' in a drill hall is the proper fare. But here there is an inescapable conclusion: nearly all good plays must be 'loosely' religious, must at least have a quasi-religious or established set of ethical values to kick off from. What is wrong with half the plays we see is that they are slices of life or criticisms of life which know no code either to extol or defy; they are mere shufflings of patterns of feelings, groupings and regroupings of rootless, stateless peoples moving in a dim *matinée* world of catch phrases. It is no accident that nearly all the best plays of the nineteenth century strike off from some strongly built moral back wall; and that today it is the Catholics, Roman and otherwise, or at least the

religious, who are making the grade in drama. This was a good reason for liking Mr. Burton's serious people. Here at least was a playwright to realise that plays about people with fine feelings, not to say some sort of conscience, some sort of education of the head and the heart, are really more absorbing than plays about morons, alcoholics, gunmen, and sluts.

For similar reasons one welcomed Ivor

Brown's little Shakespearean fancy, which television has had the wit to rescue from the neglect of recent years. Any play lasting a bare thirty-five minutes has a certain initial appeal, and though no one would call it earth-shaking drama, the fancy to put Shakespeare on the stage, which is always perilous, here succeeds rather better than it has in some essays from pens more august. 'The Other Anne', in the person of Irene Worth, and Will himself in the near likeness of John Gregson, were well in the picture.

Last Sunday night we were whisked from 'What's My Line?' into a rowdy, stage Irish tenement of the sort which might shelter an O'Casey masterpiece; all the ingredients were there, or nearly all: the good-bad girl, the upright Civic Guard, the downright widow-woman, the poetic ruffian, the urchin who wonders about the stars on high, and even the lame musician who prefaces his remarks with 'Glory be!' Donal Giltinan's 'The Goldfish in the Sun' struck me as less persuasive than 'The Gentle Maiden' which was praised some weeks ago. But it was done with a fair show of belief, and if some of the characters were regarded as 'bores' in some homes at least they could not be called wet



Scene from 'The Goldfish in the Sun', on March 8, with Maureen Delany as Mrs. Murphy, Edward Byrne as Dannocks, and Fred Johnson as The Bos'n



'The Dark Wood', with (left to right) Meredith Edwards as William Powell, Lilian Christine as Mrs. Roberts, Roddy Hughes as Henry Morgan, David Markham as John Roberts, Rachel Gurney as Ann Roberts, and David Peel as David Rowlands



blankets. If this is not the way life really goes on in Cork, one can say it was at least a lively make-believe.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

## BROADCAST DRAMA

### East to West

HERE IS 'The Traveller' (very much like Ashenden), now on his way to the Great Wall of China. Although 'On a Chinese Screen' (Light) is technically a play, it has the spirit of a feature. Still, as the Philosopher says, 'we must not open our conversation on a contentious note'. The piece, Howard Agg's version of the travel book, is another example of the way in which dramatists comb their Maugham for unworked territory. When the exploration is as tactful as this, I am eager to join in it. Characters outlined precisely in the book came up as precisely on radio, thanks to the 'Rep' (produced by Val Gielgud): the exasperated Consul, the Englishwoman who stays with her Chinese husband only because of 'the way his hair grows on his forehead', the Philosopher, the student of drama, several others.

The trouble with this 'writer's notebook' plan is that the scenes must be mere flashes. There is no real beginning or climax. Yet it need not be worrying. In a queer way all of these characters seem to be related to each other, and 'the Traveller's' personality ties the piece together. On Sunday night William Fox read agreeably, and with no attempt at purple-patching, some of the descriptive passages (one, especially, on the Great Wall) that show Maugham-Ashenden in a mood less reserved than usual. Mr. Fox managed enjoyably, too, his share in that wild exchange of platitudes with the Missionary Lady (Hester Paton Brown): 'Few people realise the profound truth that there are twenty shillings in every pound and twelve pence in every shilling'. Mary Wimbush developed a nice whine as Mrs. Yü (Putney-bred) in remoter China; and Edward Lexy filled out the missionary who would not return to England, though Mr. Agg has not got the entire character into his script. I missed a few persons—the Fannings, Captain Boots, Dr. Macalister. In fact, if need be, the Chinese screen can be set up for a second time, with a different pattern.

From east to west, from the precision of Maugham to the chasing, racing, Eire-fairy, smash-and-grab, tinkers' verse of 'God's Gentry' (Home), in which Donagh MacDonagh is again as happy as Larry and briskly scattering rhyme. The producer (Wilfrid Grantham) and his helpers must have found it hard to keep the cast in the studio; to prevent it from sailing away down the corridors in full song. Things are done you'd not believe in Mayo upon Saint John's Eve. (How it would have astonished Sudermann!) Take a pack of tinkers, a gommeen-man, and the god Balor of the Evil Eye; get them whirling in an Irish jig, with music—arranged and composed by Max Saunders—to match; and there you are. It is the gayest, most contagious midsummer night's dream. The voices of Siobhan McKenna; of Tony Quinn as a distinguished deity; and, indeed, of all the Irish rout, haunt the room still, a week after the event.

I am less likely to remember 'Murder Without Witness' (Home), Saturday night's dull and artificial crime ration which found its players equally uninspired. It was the kind of puzzle during which one wanted to push everybody over the edge of the quarry and switch across to 'Saturday Night on the Light'. I have to confess that what I heard, the first hour-and-a-quarter, of an exercise in Byronics, 'The Labyrinth' (Third), left me just as baffled. A

reading from Byron's work would have been more profitable than this sultry exercise in emotional reconstruction—accurate, no doubt, and presented with feeling by such players as James McKechnie and Rachel Gurney, but, at the same time, wearily repetitive. Even if, as this Byron says—in a phrase that calls for illustration—they did go round the mulberry-bush, watching each other like lynxes, does it now matter so very much?

On the whole, I would rather have Corporal Trim's luckless story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles. Peter Duval-Smith—with Norman Shelley for Uncle Toby—did well by Sterne in an hour with 'Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman' (Third). And from another century there were high doings at Bideford in Devon (Light), when Amyas Leigh came home. He will soon be off again. This was the start of a serial in which Ronald Gow looks lovingly after Kingsley's romance. Then westward ho!

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### A Truant Disposition

GLANCING THROUGH *Radio Times* at the beginning of last week, I saw that I and my readers had a heavy, though doubtless an interesting and instructive week before us—discussions on 'The Values of Primitive Society', 'The Trade Unions and Joint Consultation', 'Can't We Do Better than This?' (a discussion about schools), 'Encounters of Belief', and 'The Language of Morals'. And then a bright idea struck me. Why not cut the lot and, instead, vicariously attend the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup on Tuesday and the Cheltenham Gold Cup on Thursday? What in this delightful spring weather could be more refreshing? But fate decided otherwise. On Tuesday, immediately after lunch, I realised that this, of all others, was the day on which to put in a row of early peas, and it was not until the job was well and truly done that, an hour too late, I recalled the race. And, as luck would have it, precisely the same thing happened on Thursday when I went out to prune the roses. In my earlier days extra school was the punishment for this sort of thing and so it seemed only right that I should condemn myself next day to an hour and a quarter of 'Schools' in the morning and another hour in the afternoon.

We led off with 'The Boyhood of Nelson' from Southey's 'Life of Nelson', agreeably read by Denis McCarthy, which was very far from being a punishment. For me it threw new light on an historical character and it combined learning with pleasure. Next came 'Bones and Muscles', No. 4 of 'How your Body Works'. The talk was admirably simple and clear, and it seemed a pity to interrupt it with a misplaced feature displaying a patient receiving electrical treatment, which, it appeared to me, provided nothing more than a distraction. True, it might reassure the juvenile mind if faced with electrical treatment, but this, at the moment, was surely beside the point. At eleven-twenty we boys accompanied Herbert Hunter on a visit to a large steel works where, as he conducted us round, he cross-questioned various members of the staff. It was interesting enough, but I felt that the description, without being any the less realistic, might have been more imaginatively presented. Great factories such as this one are, after all, extremely impressive and exciting, and the lesson would have been much more memorable if it had conveyed something of these qualities.

Promoted with a flattering suddenness to the sixth form, I listened to Professor Michael Grant on 'The Historian's View' of 'The Idea of Progress'. To illustrate his theme he chose the

view of a single historian, Arnold Toynbee; not at all, as he was careful to point out, a typical view, but the view of one very distinguished historian. This was a first-rate talk for which, if I could, I would award Professor Grant the Cheltenham Gold Cup.

Punctually back in my place after the lunch hour I found myself 'In the Warm Lands', 'Village Life in Southern Spain' was a feeble affair which, except for mention of olive trees and oranges and a recording of flamenco singing and guitar-strumming, gave no impression whatever of Southern Spain. As a pupil eager to learn I found it pure waste of time. 'Designing a House', on the other hand, described by Anthony Bertram with the co-operation of an architect and a district engineer and surveyor, was a good straightforward lesson, attractive and stimulating, with no unnecessary nonsense about it. True, Mr. Bertram was compelled now and then to assume a hardly credible innocence—I will not say obtuseness—in order to elicit from his two companions the simple pabulum required by his little charges, but I as a sixth form boy was able and willing to condone that.

I have left myself no room to express the mixed feelings induced by the Senior English lesson which released me in time to sow some spinach.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## BROADCAST MUSIC

### Solemn Music

LAST WEEK'S Third Programme contained three settings of the Mass, two of them by Haydn and Bruckner designed on the grand scale for festival, the third by Rubbra adhering strictly to normal liturgical requirements. Haydn's 'St. Nicholas' Mass is one of his most cheerful settings, as befits the festival of the Christmastide Saint and the name-day of the composer's patron, Prince Nicholas Esterházy, in whose honour it was performed. But it is absurd to question the devoutness of Haydn's music, because he worshipped without a continual beating of his breast. This Mass may not be suitable for ordinary use in church, but its admixture of tenderness and awe makes it a reverent and moving experience. It was very well sung and played under Trevor Harvey's direction by the B.B.C. Chorus, the St. Cecilia Orchestra, and a solo quartet, consisting of Edith Osler, Astra Desmond, Raymond Nilsson, and Scott Joyn. The blend and balance of the soprano and contralto made a particularly beautiful effect in their duet passages.

Bruckner's Mass in E minor is a more solemn setting for double chorus, wood-wind and brass. The restraints of the text, even though he did not strictly observe the rule against repetitions of words and phrases, kept Bruckner from indulging in the diffuseness which mars his symphonies. The music is, none the less, uneven with passages of a magical beauty set beside others which are frankly dull or uncouth—for instance the awkward 'Amen' fugue which compares ill with Haydn's flowing counterpoint. Apart from a ragged entry by the choir on a chord in the 'Kyrie', the performance by the Danish State Radio Choir and Orchestra under Mogens Wöldike was excellent.

Rubbra's 'Dominican' Mass returns to the pure polyphony of unaccompanied voices, which might also be heard in the programmes of Palestrina's music. But it is no pastiche of the sixteenth-century style; the harmony is modern and the melody personal. Designed though it is for the humble office of adorning the celebration of the Mass in church, this terse and compact setting, which avoids any developments or repetitions, is none the less worth hearing for its own sake.



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Birmingham gave us on Thursday a solemn work of a different order—Mahler's 'Das Lied von der Erde' sung by Nancy Evans and Richard Lewis with the City of Birmingham Orchestra under Rudolf Schwarz. Mr. Schwarz has worked wonders with this orchestra, as he did before at Bournemouth, and the brass section in particular is no longer an offence to the ears. But, perhaps because he had not had sufficient rehearsal for this colossal score, he did not succeed in getting the orchestra to play idiomatically, and, like Elgar's, Mahler's music depends

largely upon the complete realisation of its idiomatic inflections. Miss Evans sang the alto songs with understanding and great beauty of tone, though her low notes were not quite strong enough for some passages, especially in 'Von der Schönheit'. There ought to be two tenors, one for the heroic first and fifth songs, and a lighter one for the third. Mr. Lewis sang splendidly in the first song, whose high *tessitura* has been known to crack even robust voices, and managed 'Von der Jugend' very well but with less than the ideal lightness of touch.

A recital by Mattiwilda Dobbs, who sang brilliantly in Stravinsky's 'The Nightingale' last year, revealed, alas! an insensitiveness to style and an inadequate control of the voice in songs by Schubert and Brahms. In the Saturday night concert it was good to renew acquaintance with Arthur Bliss' 'Music for Strings', which has the beauty of athletic muscularity, from which all adiposity has been sweated off. It was given a taut performance by the B.B.C. Strings under Sargent.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Vivaldi's 'L'Estro Armonico'

By MARC PINCHERLE

'L'Estro Armonico' will be broadcast in its entirety at 7.0 p.m. on Monday, March 16, and at 6.0 p.m. the following day (both Third)

**A**BOUT 1712 the firm of Etienne Roger, in Amsterdam, published a set of concertos under the title of 'L'Estro Armonico', which may be taken to mean 'Harmonic Inspiration', or better 'Harmonic Fantasy'. It rapidly made a name throughout the whole of Europe for its author, Antonio Vivaldi, for these twelve concertos—constituting his Op. 3—had been preceded only by two collections of sonatas.

First of all a few words about Vivaldi himself. He was the son of a musician attached to St. Mark's, Venice, and had always been destined for a career in the church. He was ordained priest in 1703, when he was about twenty-five years of age (the exact date of his birth has not so far been clearly established). Although he never left the priesthood, he was compelled by ill-health to give up his ecclesiastical duties, and thereafter devoted himself almost entirely to music, his delicate constitution by no means hindering an extraordinarily active career as composer, teacher, virtuoso and—on occasion—as impresario for his own theatrical works.

The greater part of this career was spent at the Conservatory of the Ospedale della Pietà, a home for orphans and abandoned children, of whom the most gifted in singing and playing received tuition from the finest teachers in Italy. On the title page of 'L'Estro Armonico' Vivaldi styles himself 'Musico di Violino et Maestro de Concerti del Pio Ospedale della Pietà di Venezia'. His teaching there continued, with occasional breaks for concert tours in foreign parts, until 1740. In the following year he died, poor and forgotten, in Vienna, yet only a few years previously honours and riches had been heaped upon him.

Actually his European renown had slightly preceded the appearance of 'L'Estro Armonico'; and the fact that the publisher Roger himself took the trouble to engrave the parts suggests that manuscript copies of the twelve concertos had already enjoyed wide circulation among musicians and had created a considerable stir. For these works contain a kind of summing-up of the state of instrumental music at the beginning of the eighteenth century: they constitute at one and the same time the pinnacle of the style in which Corelli and the older school excelled themselves, and the prototype of the new concerto which—rough-hewn by Torelli and Albinoni—received from Vivaldi its true proportions and balance, if not for all time at least for an age.

The twelve concertos of Op. 3 are often wrongly referred to as concerti grossi. In order to clarify matters, it may not be irrelevant to

reconsider the spirit of the concerto grosso, for (like the earliest sonatas, written for two violins and bass rather than for one violin) it drew its inspiration from the ideals which had governed vocal polyphony of the golden age, when it was a matter of placing executants on an almost equal footing instead of allowing any one of them to outshine the other. The concerto grosso did indeed single out from the main orchestral body three or four chosen instrumentalists, but it treated them as a small band reduced to single players, alternating or blending with the *tutti*, and not as a succession of soloists taking turns to monopolise the attention of the public. So much for the spirit of the concerto grosso; as for the form, it coincided with that of the church and chamber sonatas with four, five, or more movements.

Several concertos of this kind can be found in 'L'Estro Armonico', though there are actually fewer than appear at first glance. The list is as follows:

- 2 concertos for four solo violins and one solo cello (Nos. 7 and 10)\*
- 2 concertos for four solo violins (Nos. 1 and 4)
- 2 concertos for two solo violins and solo cello (Nos. 2 and 11)
- 2 concertos for two solo violins (Nos. 5 and 8)
- 4 concertos for solo violin (Nos. 3, 6, 9, and 12)

It would be tempting to make a clear distinction between the four concertos for solo violin and the eight remaining ones, considered as concerti grossi because they make use of several soloists. The real distinction, less simple than this, is nevertheless much more fruitful and interesting. The eight concertos for several soloists represent a complete evolutionary process which leads us step by step from the concerto grosso to the solo concerto. Only three concertos (Nos. 2, 4, and 7) preserve the old-fashioned plan with its first movement marked *adagio* or *andante*. The others all adopt the three-movement plan (*allegro-adagio-allegro*) which was to give classical composers the outline of the concerto and—excepting only minuet or scherzo—the symphony. In addition, one can observe the solo passages of the various participants becoming more and more individual, until the genuine flavour of the modern violin concerto is eventually obtained.

The most striking feature which Vivaldi has brought to this set of concertos is the constant striving after individuality of expression, a reflection of that same freedom which was then gaining ground in opera; for it is well known that Vivaldi, from the beginning of his career, had evinced a strong interest in the theatre. In 1713, he had already produced the first of his fifty-or-

so operas. Often, in his *allegros*, there is an acute sense of dramatic conflict that inspires the lightning replies made by soloist to *tutti*, while in the slow movements, the influence of the operatic aria is clearer still, often persuading the composer to silence the orchestra and direct the listener's attention towards the lyrical meditations of the soloist. The *largo* of the eleventh concerto, for example (two solo violins and cello) is largely entrusted to one solo violin.

To enumerate all the merits of 'L'Estro Armonico' would be an almost endless task: in later sets of concertos, Vivaldi made even bolder advances so far as violin technique is concerned. But nowhere is the variety of themes and rhythms greater than it is here, nowhere did Vivaldi surpass his formal concision and logic, or the solidity of his contrapuntal writing. J. S. Bach, when making an organ transcription of the eleventh concerto, reproduced the fugue exactly as it stood, with the exception of only one bar.

One other special merit deserves to be given prominence, and that is the ingenious nature of the orchestration: the variety of colour that the *Prete Rosso* extracts from an orchestra entirely composed of strings. Finely worked contrapuntal texture in the quick movements, vertical harmonies in *adagios* (like that of No. 2), the unaccompanied uprush of two solo violins at the beginning of No. 11, incisive patterns passed from second to third and from third to fourth violins in the finale of No. 12, the incredible *larghetto* of No. 10, quite without theme—a simple harmonic irisation which fore-shadows impressionistic experiments: all these things were bound to strike the attention of the first listeners to 'L'Estro Armonico'.

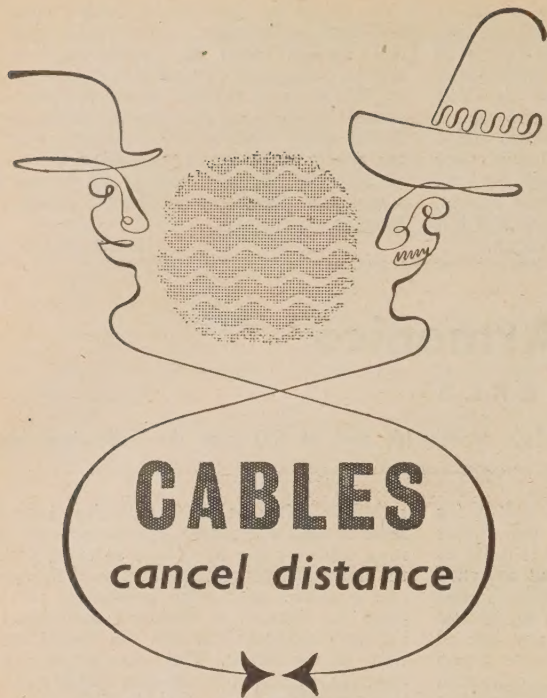
Indeed, two years after its appearance, not only was the author fêted throughout the whole of Italy, but J. J. Quantz (then living at Pirna in Germany) was busily piling up all the Vivaldi concertos he could lay his hands on. Round about the same time, the young Prince Johann-Ernest of Saxe-Weimar (who died in 1715) took them as his models and imitated them so faithfully that three of his concertos were thought for a long time to be the work of Vivaldi himself. Lastly J. S. Bach transcribed from 'L'Estro Armonico' Nos. 3, 9, and 12 for solo harpsichord, and No. 8 for organ, during his stay at Weimar, and probably at a date not far removed from that of publication. Perhaps he even used manuscripts as his sources.

If it were necessary to show the influence and interest aroused by this set of concertos this final proof would surely be more than adequate.

(Translated by Denis Stevens)

\* The numbering is that of the Amsterdam edition. The English edition by Walsh and Hare follows a different order after No. 6—Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9 of Walsh corresponding respectively to Nos. 8, 9, 6, and 7 of the Amsterdam edition. (In the broadcast performances the concertos will be played in the Amsterdam order, although the orchestra will play from photocopies of the Walsh edition, duly rearranged in the correct sequence.) D.S.





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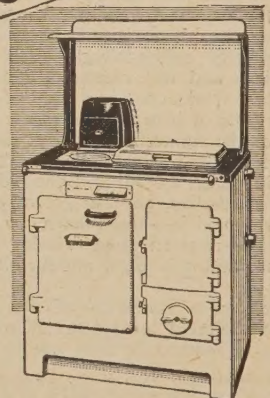
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# Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

## CONVALESCENCE WITHOUT TEARS

MOTHERS WITH SICK or convalescent children who are still tiny are sometimes hard put to it to keep them happily entertained. It always seems to me that little children like little toys. A big doll will impress them with its grandeur, but it is the little doll whom they love. This reminds me that nearly all very young children, whether girls or boys, when kept in bed take great delight in a doll in a cot. They enjoy playing out the experiences they themselves are going through. Other toys which I have found give really lasting pleasure are a tea-set, a small doll's house (a small box arranged with furniture will do for this) and building bricks. It is worth providing a piece of rag for cleaning the house or wiping the tea cups, and also a fairly large tray, if you have not a bed table. Children love setting things out, and toys such as a farm or zoo animals or a Noah's Ark give them a chance to do this.

A pile of used match sticks can be laid out as roads, for toy cars or toy people to go along. Also you can get little boxes of brightly coloured, gummed paper shapes in the form of flowers, hearts, stars, and so on, and children love sticking these on to paper. A word about sense-training toys, by which I mean the many toys, mostly in gay-coloured plastic, which involve fitting together, screwing and unscrewing, and so on. These are excellent for small children, provided they are given to the child at the age when he is mentally fitted for learning from them.

One of my greatest successes was with dough, simply made by mixing together flour and water. Children love rolling this out; if you have no small rolling pin, a thick dowel pin will do. Dough is more suitable than plasticine for really small children. It is easier to manipu-

late and, incidentally, it is much cleaner. They love to cut out little cakes from it with a small tin lid or biscuit cutter, and prick patterns in the cakes. If you have time to pop them in the oven they can be used as dolls' food.

Another success was a small but fairly powerful magnet which I got at a hardware store and tied to a piece of stick—like a fishing rod; with a box of hairpins this has provided many hours of entertainment. Another popular thing is a dolls' clothes line made by stretching a piece of strong cord across the rails of the cot, and with it a box or basket of clothes-pegs, and dolls' clothes to peg up on it.

For children who can move round easily in bed, a bunch of balloons, or even a single balloon, tied to the bedhead, gives brightness and gaiety and provides quite a lot of fun; also a ball about the size of a tennis ball can be encased in elastic and tied to the cot with another piece of elastic about a yard long. This can work off surplus energy between quieter occupations.

Most of the things I have mentioned are ones the child can play with when he is left alone while you are busy about the house; but to judge from my own experience it is important not to leave any child too long without a change of occupation.

ANNE RAYNOR

## HOW TO PRESS A BLOUSE

A washing blouse should be ironed on the right side of the material, though a dull-surfaced material, such as crepe, should be ironed on the wrong side. Most washing materials should be very slightly damp for perfect ironing. A sleeve board makes ironing a blouse much easier.

First of all, press the small shoulder stiffener inside the sleeve until it is quite dry. Then press

each sleeve, working it round and round on the sleeve board, if you have one, and running the point of the iron up towards the shoulder and then towards the cuff, where there may or may not be gathers. If you have no sleeve board, lay the sleeve flat on the ironing board and press it so that there are no sharp folds when it is finished. You do this by working it round gradually, overlapping each area of material as it comes under the iron. Now, put each shoulder of the blouse in turn over the end of the ironing board and press well, taking care that the seams are lying flat on the inside. Reverse the blouse and press underneath the seam turnings close up to the seam itself, so that no ridges show through. Finish the back and then both fronts of the blouse, working the point of the iron carefully between the buttons. Finally, press the collar and cuffs, and refinish any special details, such as embroidery or the buttonholed fastening.

When your blouse is looking as crisp as a lettuce leaf, do not put it in the hot cupboard on top of the sheets to air, but give it a hanger of its own.

ALICE HOOPER BECK

## Notes on Contributors

CHRISTOPHER SYKES (page 421): Secretary, H.M. Legation, Teheran, 1941-43; journalist and author of *Character and Situation, Four Studies in Loyalty*, etc.

WILLIAM ALLEN, A.R.I.B.A. (page 412): architect on the staff of the Building Research Station of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research

SIR LEONARD WOOLLEY (page 426): archaeologist, author of *A Forgotten Kingdom, Carchemish, Ur Excavations*, etc.

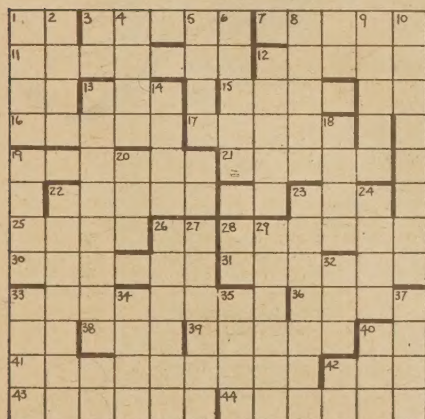
## Crossword No. 1,193.

## Caesarean.

## By VLX

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The letter-pairs of a simple substitution cipher are to be found in the thirteen unclued two-letter 'words' of the solution. Answers to two of the ten clues given in code (Nos. 7A and 10D) are to be entered in coded form.

### CLUES—ACROSS

3. Come (or comes) out.
7. Holbong.
11. This might make one fail mentally.
12. Shy.
13. One of the older coins in currency obviously.
15. Elok Ir xnsx kedo noh chsh.
16. Zqk nbb.
17. A mixed race revered by Caesar.
- 19B. 'L'—but not for leather here!
21. Dog-whips?
22. European city.
23. 40D.
25. Fish happiness or otherwise distorted.
28. Hymns of praise.
- 30B. Hihxhok.
31. Compound containing 29.
33. Infernal machine obviously destroyed operator.
36. Painter seems upset by severe meditation.
- 38B. Wooden function.
39. Mainly composed of 29.
41. Cljh lo.
42. Zdesnk.
43. Sterile.
44. This Springtime ling comes from the Baltic.

### DOWN

1. Can this back be put in this? Superficially yes, but not linearly.
2. With sound judgment shows the twain can meet.
4. Pochard.
5. Standard 1.
6. Usually contains a moral.
8. If unclear, it is thought bad form to send to laundry.
9. Cowardly private.
10. D Fnsny gedsgdkhs.
- 12U. Bespoke garment?
13. Pilepiers or murmuring bird.
- 14U. Well-known trader.

18. Staggering—do you cotton on?
19. As the Yankee said at the Taj Mahal?
- 20U. Fshdx.
22. Mortifying sorrow.
23. Heavy spar.
- 24U. Did Gladstone help make this grease?
26. Dove's false call? Porter!
27. Sha khkhk.
29. Polymorphous dioxide.
32. Island vegetable function.
33. Nia ynh.
34. Colon disease?
35. Language of the Prophet.
37. To a distance.
40. 23A.

## Solution of No. 1,191

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11									
		13		14		15			
16						17		18	
19			20			21			
		22					23	24	
25				26	27	28	29		
30						31		32	
33			34			35		36	37
		38			39			40	
41								42	
43									44

### NOTES

Across: 12. Hoc(us). 15. x, malice, anag. 18. Rev. of 30. 19. (Giammo)n; ball ammunition. 20. (Ch)liad. 21. Crease. 23. Keir Hardie. 32. Salt, anag. 39. Rev. of Love + (parachute). 41. Cu(R)re. 44. Ilk(s). 54. Old Roman. Down: 2. (H)urus=(H)ox. 22. Spa(r)ians. 27. Io, IV, bus, anag. 30. Anz(f)ace. 46. Hidden. 49. Pin-up.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: E. W. Ellis (Ossett); 2nd prize: H. G. Tattersall (Barnet); Miss F. H. Martin (Leeds, 8)

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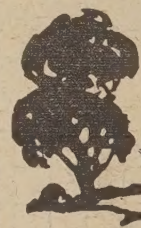
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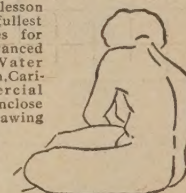
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